

MONOLOGUE TO DEATH.

Suggested in New Haven Cemetery, and written in part upon a Tombstone.

I.

PARDON me, Death, this undesigned intrusion.
Is this thy realm? I came by sweets beguiled.
Dost thou keep flowers and birds? Is all delusion?
I knew thee erst, as one who never smiled.

II.

Are these thy bowers? I had not thought to meet thee,
Here, amid balm-scent, and in sylvan shade.
Nor can they clothe thy ghastliness, or cheat thee,
O skeleton, to winsome masquerade.

III.

Sadly familiar were thy usual costume,
The winding sheet, and symbols of decay;
Art trying happier incarnation posthume?
Do'st really love habiliments so gay?

IV.

Art growing vain? Art emulous of praises,
Hoping to flush thy pallor with these hues?
Him, with such charms wilt fascinate, who gazes?
Thy foul embrace, will life no more refuse?

V.

How like thy serpent father, in his trailing
Through Paradise, thy guileful lurking here.
Would'st tempt within thy fangs the heart unquailing?
Is thy prey sweeter, if unblanched by fear?

VI.

We are well met. Upon this bed of roses
Lie, if it ease thee; hearken what I say,
But say not suppliant; for, thy shadow closes
Remorseless, soon, I know, upon my day.

VII.

Who can mistake thee, dreadful, ghostly feature
Of sin miscreate, by th' infernal King?
Lean, hungry shape, ungorge, though ev'ry creature
Should Time within thy jaws, this moment fling.

VIII.

I know thee pitiless, to whom upspringing
Their pleading hands, men sue in mute despair,
And thou, accurst, their quiv'ring hearts art wringing;
Nor love, nor grace, thy bloodless bosom share.

IX.

Look on me, Death, me very sad, and weary;
Me nerveless, faint: nor pride nor power I vaunt;
Yet cannot all thy gloom, and phantoms dreary,
And cannibal lust, mine inner spirit daunt.

X.

Look on me eye to eye. My pulses thicken
With ebbing life; more sluggish still its flow.
'Tis thine! thine all this fleshy heart did quicken.
Unhand my soul! Thou canst not quench its glow.

XI.

I do not challenge thee. I know thy terror,
Loathe thy putrescence, darken at thy name
Yet, boast me not thy bonds slave; for, that error
Misjoying fiend, thou'lt rue in endless shame.

XII.

Shudder thy bones with anger, O malignant!
Or dread'st thou, prescient of swift coming doom?
It withers thee—that Christ-smile so benignant.
Pouring its light through thy sepulchral gloom,

XIII.

O mighty! by th' Almighty Saviour vanquished.
Condemned to menial office in thy cave:
Discrowned Usurper, *serve me*, who had languished
Else, in the hopeless thralldom of the grave.

Disrobe my soul! these carnal earth-ties sever,
Lay me asleep on my Redeemer's breast.
Grateful thy coldness to life's arid fever:
Almost I love thee, Death; I greet thy rest.

CLEPSYDRA.

From the New York Observer.

HEART-HUSHINGS.

Thoughts stirred by sympathy with this passage in a note: "I hope my heart may learn to be still, knowing that 'He doeth all things well.'"

Learn to be still? what, when the life is throbbing
Like ship, her grided cable fain to part.
When on the ear of God fall sighing, sobbing,
The storm-chased surges of a troubled heart?

Still? what, when earth in vehement commotion,
Groaning or heaved as by volcanic fire,
Drowns in its roar the whisper of devotion,
Like death-cry lost in Ocean's frenzied ire?

Learn to be still? fond spirit, art thou dreaming
Of halcyon state, from all disquiet free?

Ah! me: nor yonder ~~seest~~ the death-shaft
gleaming,
Nor the cold shrowded arms outstretched for
thee?

Still! nay, *within thee*, elements of sorrow,
From deepest founts of thought and sense up-
welling,
May strangle hope: nor grief have cause to bor-
row
One molten sigh—too vast its own o'erswel-
ling.

Learn to be still! Thou need'st, with tireless
asking,
By day, by night, that blessing to compel;
Need'st more than Summer fly, in sunshine bask-
ing,
Needs where its winter-stricken ghost may
dwell.

Yet, ask in faith. Against the ill thou drest
Comes white-robed peace, sweet angel of God's
will,
Folding her wing beside thee; what thou pleadest,
Whispering as *God's own word to thee,—Be still!*

Be still! how fearfully soever blended
Thy day with dark, like twilight's fleckered
bars;
For God will make thy deepest midnight splen-
did,
With all his sapphire wealth of quenchless
stars.

Be still! the wild wave's mightiest undulation,
Stirs not at heart the deep unfathomed sea,
'Tis but thine outer self can tribulation
Harass and chafe, so God's life dwells in thee.

Peace! heart: this boiling strife of will and
duty,
Discharges quick the sediment of ill;—
Past that, like crystal lake, in placid beauty,
Thou shalt reflect His image. *Peace, be still.*

THE SOLEMN STATESMAN.

I wonder that the Honorable Member for Ayles-
bury does not blush with shame when he brings
such an accusation (of levity) against me.—*Lord
Palmerston.*

Oh wad kind Heaven the giftie gie us
To see ourselts as others see us.—*Burns.*

My faults I've undoubtedly had
In a life of unwonted longevity,
But 'pon honor 'tis really too bad
To accuse me of "scandalous levity."
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

The Reverend Mr. John Bright
(*Roars of laughter*) but lately pitched into me.
For being too giddy and light,
Bringing home my "original sin" to me.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

I didn't much marvel at that,
For we all know friend Broadbrim's pugnacity;
And a man who won't take off his hat
Would be guilty of any audacity.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

But when Layard obligingly acts
With his very choice band of performers,
Let him stick if he can to his facts,
Though *they're* things much eschewed by Re-
formers.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

He says I'm too fond of a jest,
That I'm full of my "quips and my quid-
dities,"
And that those who once loved me the best
Have grown sick of my comic vapidities.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

I'm sure you'll agree this is fudge,
Mere *bosh* I may say (*great hilarity*),
For you know I'm as grave as a Judge—
Judge Maule—pray excuse jocularity.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol, etc.

The Press.

WATCH, MOTHER!

MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Rounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Prating eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

EVERY traveller (we would use the diminutive of tourist, but the epithet implies to our fancy, more a difference of kind than of degree,) has seen Mont Blanc. Those who have not been able to go to the mountain, have had the mountain by various arts transported to them. Poets have hymned it, travellers have described it, scribblers have scribbled about it, and lastly, the brush of an accomplished painter, and the pen, as well as the oral commentary, of an unwearied favorite of the public, have familiarly introduced the least enterprising amongst us to the least trodden recesses of that "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice," the immediate court of the "Sovran Blanc." And yet, after all, less interesting scenes have been more frequently described, without satiating the reader; certainly more distant have been far less sparingly explored. Age has not much to do with the merits of a poem, and why should distance be indispensable to the enchantment of a journey? Again, as to the novelty of the thing, or rather its want of novelty; we much question whether, after all, the description of places familiar to us have not for many a charm at least equal to that belonging to a description of the unknown. The unknown is wonderful, but surely not *only* the unknown. A great majority of those who have recounted the experiences of an ascent of Mont Blanc, have been so busy with the details of the difficulties encountered, of the configuration of the mountain itself, of the particular views to be surveyed from it, that they have allowed themselves scanty room wherein to convey to others even a few of the impressions produced on themselves by what they saw. As such a coloring may heighten the effect of their pictures, we will not entirely suppress all those emotions, without mention of which to relate an ascent of Mont Blanc is but to tell half the truth. When standing too with us on the summit, most of our guides seem (perhaps wisely) to have been thoroughly infected with its silence. This silence we shall endeavor (perhaps not so wisely) to break. For our station there is not as that of one who stands "silent upon a peak in Darien, and stares at the Pacific," but it is the ancient centre around which have revolved, and still revolve, the energies of the world of man.

Those who are familiar with mountainous regions know well with what difficulty, by what gradation of steps, as it were, their eye was schooled till it could appreciate height, breadth, distance aright. Travellers tell of their disappointment at the first sight, even of a colossal church-dome, or of a world-old pyramid, of which all the time they knew the real proportions, honoring them mentally with

the homage which is their due; but how much less expected the disappointment which overwhelms you, when first you are confronted with some great giant of the Alps! who you know is a giant, but whose proportions seem to the eye at least, as compared with previous expectation, unaccountably dwarfed. Let us beg of those who have the experiment yet to try, to reserve their judgment. One sense will be found to correct another, till they will be fain to confess, not that the giant was such a dwarf, but that their eyes were the eyes of such pigmies, that they were unable at once to see the giant in all his gigantic immensity.

Before, then, approaching more closely the giant whom we are about to visit, let us dwell for a moment on somewhat that is going on at his feet. We shall thus, perhaps, become a little more at our ease beneath his tremendous shadow—I say advisedly *beneath his shadow*—for the point on the Lake of Geneva from which we shall presently start, though fifty miles away from his foot, is still literally and unmetaphorically not without the skirts of his reflected outline. Many reasons combine to make the region of the Alps especially fitted for holiday relaxation. It is easily and cheaply accessible, and offers an almost infinite variety of enjoyment. The change of scene, the outdoor life and exercise, the exhilarating atmosphere—at higher elevations it is almost intoxicating—restore, if impaired, and heighten when possessed, the great condition of enjoyment, physical health; and if other than physical causes are in question, there, if at all, the exile from his country may hope to be exiled from himself. So universally indeed is this allowed, that all nations, however else they may differ, instinctively rush to spend their summer holidays together about the Alps. Even the most thorough-going Yankee (and many such you will find—regular Barnums), who writes in every traveller's book, "America is the best country in the world—amen!" will, in one instance, and one alone, bate his uncompromising claims to universal superiority, and condescend to balance nicely the respective merits of Mont Blanc, or Mount Blank, as he prefers to call it, and Niagara! though what in the world they have in common, whereby they may be compared, is certainly at first sight difficult for any wit but that of the 'cute Yankee to realize. But if it be true that all nations delight in the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, it is especially true with regard to the Englishman. He finds himself at home while visiting a people by government and disposition liberal as his own. He may be as eccentric as John Bull sometimes will be, and yet keep out of quod; he may penetrate into the wildest solitudes, with no inducement comprehensive to police authorities for doing so, yet the Government will

not coerce him as a revolutionist, nor the people suspect him of searching "under their glaciers' for hid treasure! He may even carry about theodolites, cameras, or any other odd-looking philosophical apparatus, without being shunned by the peasants as an Archimago, or imprisoned (as a friend of mine, so provided, actually *was* at Odessa) on the charge of having in his possession an infernal machine. Many ludicrous anecdotes must occur to every one, showing that in this respect travellers in other countries by no means enjoy the immunity which their continual intercourse with every nation of Europe has induced Switzerland and Savoy so freely to concede. In short, each may, unmolested, follow his peculiar bent. There is magnificent scenery, unrivalled in the world, for all. The botanist, the geologist, the disciple of science, and the votary of art, each has a fruitful, yet not too-extended a field; if to study mankind be your object, in the valley, I will answer for you, you will find some choice specimens of travelling humanity, and travelling, we know, develops character; if solitude and a sentimental journey be rather your aim, you have but to step aside from the beaten track, and, believe me, you will not fail to find it "with death and morning on the silver horns." But if while travelling here you would most enjoy yourself, you must, besides entering into these more refined pleasures, not be too fastidious to appreciate the often noisy and sometimes even vulgar merriment of the holiday cockney, who has exchanged—and who would grudge him, for who has earned leisure and recreation better than he? — the smoke and toil of cities, to breathe for a moment the pure, free air of the Alps, and to screw his city legs with acrobatic exertions. Well, in the summer of 1851, with the rest of the holiday world, I found myself one of a party beneath the Alps. Our head-quarters were fixed near Lausanne, in the midst of that region of Italian coloring and of Alpine outline, well fit to be the dreamland of Rousseau, and to inspire that host of writers of all countries, and of our own not least, whose names shed such lustre on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. One day three of us were pulling, for our usual afternoon's bathe, some five or six miles to the west, when a sudden exclamation from our coxswain directed all eyes to the south; and there, beyond those eight or nine miles of glorious blue which form the widest expanse of the lake, high over the gigantic mountain-wall which limits to the north the province of Savoy, and behind which peak after peak pierces the sky—beyond and above all these one spirit-like shape of dazzling white, "mystic, wonderful," riveted our gaze. It might have been mistaken at first for a cloud, but it was brighter than the brightest cloud, and, though seem-

ingly suspended high in air, was perfectly motionless. We instinctively knew that before our eyes was none other than the subject of many of our speculations, the monarch of the Alps himself.

We felt that his spell was upon us, that we could not but obey it. As I have said before, we were now literally within his shadow, or rather within the dazzling reflection, and from that moment we were never without its range till we found ourselves *above* it, and were casting our own puny shadows *down* upon him! That day we commenced a rigorous course of training, and got into excellent condition. The process was perhaps laborious, but not, therefore, otherwise than delightful; in fact, if any one had offered us some of that wonderful cocoa-leaf which *The Chemistry of Common Life* tells us enables you at once, without one pant of the breath, or one tremble of the knees, in very rivalry of Commodore Rogers—that "exceedingly brave man"—to skip up perpendicular mountains, and with the same unflinching alacrity to skip down again—if, I say, any one had made us an offer of this truly royal viaticum, this breath-giving, muscle-bracing vegetable, I do believe we should have been foolish enough to have preferred our own more laborious preparations.

But let us away forthwith, whether in a direct line through the Chablais which is less known than it deserves to be, or by the more usual routes, to Chamouni, the only side from which the summit of Mont Blanc is accessible. Our first view of the valley (if that may be called a view wherein nothing is to be seen) was far from encouraging. Four days of thunder and lightning gave us ample time to engage our guides, to procure alpen-stocks, green spectacles, green veils, gaiters, fur gloves, shoes with angular nails to bite the ice, to get very impatient at the obstinacy of the weather, and, finally, to make up our minds to give up the idea and retrace our steps. We had been informed that a M. Smith was also waiting to make the ascent, and we at once proposed, of course, to make a joint expedition; but I suppose that the gargon read in our faces a total, and certainly not inexcusable, ignorance as to who M. Smith might be; so, to make the matter "perfectly intelligible to the meanest comprehension," he added, "You know M. Smith of London." The more than ever mysterious gentleman at length proved to be Mr. Albert Smith, and, as may be well imagined, the most acceptable of companions.

Well, we were about to leave, when suddenly the weather changed, and all was preparation once more. Despondency was gone. Bottles of wine, loaves of bread, cheeses, wax-candles, mutton and veal, beef and fowls, chocolate, prunes, raisins, acid drops, and a hun-

dred other articles, necessary and unnecessary, were crammed into portable packets. One day was given to allow the weather to settle. We employed it in ascending the Brevent, the well-known mountain range of an elevation of 8500, opposite to Mont Blanc. No near view of Mont Blanc is more striking than that obtained from this frequented point. As you ascend the Brevent, its range, opposite, seems ever to become higher and higher. The magnificent needles, and domes, and the glaciers dividing them—those “fine wild torrents fiercely glad”—become gradually manifest in their real immensity. The very different aspect of the converse of this view will have to be mentioned in its proper place. With a glass could be traced the whole route of the morrow. One line of ascent alone can lead to the summit with a slight, but dangerous, possible deviation, to which we shall later allude, and this fact, with others analogous, forcibly called to my mind Milton’s description of the “Eastern Gate” of Paradise :—

It was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds.
Conspicuous far. Winding with one ascent,
Accessible from earth, one entrance high.
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Indeed the parallel might be continued still further; for while watching, with this description in my memory, the troops of clouds of a thousand glorious hues still wheeling round the summit-dome, it was not difficult to indulge in the dreamy reverie, that the eye beheld not clouds, but the angelic cohorts, warding there,

—and nigh at hand
Celestial army, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.

The only obvious way to give those who may not have seen it any idea of the appearance of the Mont Blanc chain from this point, is to suggest to them to watch the next wall of clouds, which rises from the horizon into a clear blue sky above. There is the same appearance in both of massy black foundations, rising into brilliant peaks and pinnacles, or rounded into shining domes; indeed, so much alike are these mountains and such clouds, that you may often in the Alps (as most persons will remember) mistake one for the other.

The height of Mont Blanc above the sea is 15,744 feet; above Chamouni about 3000 feet less. It has been said that these mountains are the most magnificent in the world; and so they are: for although, as Forbes has pointed out, the height of some of the Cordilleras above the sea is much more considerable, and parts of the Himalayas exceed even 25,000 feet, still the plateaux from which they rise

are at an immense level above the sea, and the snow line (the only other standard by which the eye can judge) rises so much higher in these American and Asiatic ranges, that the actual measurement from its commencement to the summit of the mountains is in very few cases greater than that of the snows of Mont Blanc. With regard to nobleness of outline, all are agreed that the European range is unapproachable. I believe myself that such mountains as Mont Blanc would lose nothing of their vastness even were they to lose some two or three thousand feet of their actual height, at least to any except the most practised eye.

At last the morning fatal to grouse, most propitious to us, arrived. At half-past seven our arrangements were complete, breakfast with the guides duly solemnized, and we were off. Our caravan as it wound along the course of the Arve, towards the point at which the ascent begins, presented an appearance extremely picturesque. Sixteen guides, four to each amateur, and as many porters engaged to go as far as our night’s bivouac, with the necessary comforts, formed our body-guard. Poles, hatchets, the ladder, the green veils flying from our caps, gave us a very business-appearance. I hope that we were at least as much impressed with the dignity of our position as was the *magna comitans caterva*. Albert Smith was perched magnificently on a mule, determining to save his legs as far as the mule would or could consent to go. We, the rest, advanced humbly on our feet, being constantly checked in our pace by the omnipotent guides, who were constantly quoting “Rickey-bokey’s” favorite proverb of *Piano, sano, lontano*. De Saussure had so ordained, and the traditions of Mont Blanc in this case of most wise import alter not more than Mont Blanc himself.

At the “Village of the Pilgrims,” one of the great buttresses of the mountain descends into the Vale of Chamouni. Up this buttress lay our first ascent. The region of enchantment had commenced. On our left hand, in a deep ravine, fell the glacier-fed “Waterfall of the Pilgrims;” striking against a rock, it shoots up again (or rather shot, for the natural rock is now in its place no more, whatever art may have done to supply nature) into a faultless arch, the beauty of which when spanned by a “brightning foam-bow” is perfectly indescribable. To our right, the scene was still more unreal and fairy-like. Above and through a forest of gloomy pines, the lofty ice-spikes of the Glacier des Bossons were seen to glitter and sparkle in the sun. This ice-stream occupies the ravine now to our right, and these gleaming spires are the pyramids which it tosses up in such fantastic prodigality before its final

fall into the valley below. We shall soon become better acquainted with this, the loftiest, steepest, most beautiful of glaciers. The "large and influential concourse" which had followed us from Chamouni gradually thinned off as we ascended the gigantic causeway which forms the foundation of the noble Aiguille du Midi. One after another they dropped off, till a parting scene between one of the finest of our guides, by name Jean Carrier, and Julie, the then wooed, the now won, object of his affections (which by-the-by would have admirably illustrated a verse in *Excelsior*), occasioned a prodigious shower of railery, and became a standing joke for the rest of the expedition.* For these guides are not only first-rate mountaineers but very genial companions too; on them falls all the anxiety and the merit such as it is of the adventure. Their courage and dexterity might easily be illustrated by anecdotes too numerous to repeat; more than one of the gentler but not less spirited sex have by their aid reached the summit. Left at length to our own society, we braced our energies for the way. Though the first three hours' climb, albeit steep (even for the Alps), was not particularly remarkable, still it was very far from being without its beauties.

—living flowers

Of loveliest blue spread garlands at our feet.

Gentians innumerable variegated the emerald turf, and blushing tufts of dwarf rhododendrons the "*rose des Alpes*," were scarcely less beautifully plentiful. The ascending scale of vegetation, of which the most complete picture, from the tropical sugar-cane to the arctic lichen, is reserved for the traveller in the Andes, presents even in the Alps no uninteresting study. But we are at the Pierre à l'Echelle, 4000 feet above Chamouni. The ladder of the last party that may cross the glacier is always left under this rock. Tradition enjoins that the length of the ladder should be thirteen feet, that here it should be deposited. Posterity trembles and obeys. As of course we had brought a new and sound one with us, the old and rotten ladder which we found under the rock, we forthwith converted into firewood, adding it to the stock, which had been collected to cheer our night's bivouac, in the pine forest already alluded to, that being the last wood of any kind to be encountered on our ascent. The mounted one of our party had long since of course been forced to discard his mule. We rested half an hour for breakfast, and then loath to turn our backs on

the widening splendors of the view, addressed ourselves to more serious business.

The Moraine or "glacier-wall" (as the Germans expressively call it,) was now to be crossed. The glacier itself (des Bossons) was to succeed. But the surmounting of this lateral moraine wall was a matter of some toil. The confused *débris* of rocks of all shapes and sizes, of which it consists, called for the best use of our eyes to direct our feet. A broken limb would inevitably be the penalty of any carelessness. Those who have ascended Scafell in Cumberland, will remember a wild confusion of angular rocks near to, and on its summit; and yet such (as none will deny) is but a very inadequate type of the moraine of a glacier.

This passed, we are on the glacier. The ice-world is before us. Ice and snow, or rocks too steep to harbor either, this is all that we shall behold for many hours to come. At first the surface was smooth enough, the crevasses which score the glacier neither wide nor irregular. But by degrees the rifted chasms became wider, deeper, more irregular, increasing in their marvellous beauty as they become more difficult. The grime which fringes the glacier towards the moraine, or rather from the moraine, diminishes as we depart from its edge, the pearl-like hue of the surface of the ice becomes purer, the blue of the higher, the deep sea-green of the lower, rifts more intense and striking. The heat on the glacier was overpowering, the glare of reflected light blinding. Veils and green spectacles were in requisition, though at the more dangerous points these had to be removed to aid the sight, and higher up, to assist the respiration. Our direction was to the right, in fact, across the glacier with an inclination upwards; the object being to circumvent some very wide and impassable crevasses which lay in a straight line between us and the Grands Mulets, our destined quarters for the night. The enormous reservoir of ice, which is ever in the process of formation from the snows of the summit, flows down in a broad and turbulent stream, till it is forced to divide its body by another huge buttress, parallel to and resembling that which we have just left. This is the Montagne de la Côte. The right half of the ice-stream becomes the Glacier des Bossons, the left half the Glacier de Tacconay. At the point of bisection, above as well as below, the struggle of the icewaves is terrific. We now found ourselves immediately above it, *i. e.*, in a straight line with the Grands Mulets rocks, and the buttress of la Côte (not to be confounded with the Mur de la Côte, to which we have not yet attained.) All the patience and ingenuity of the guides were now well wanted. The crevasses which could be cleared at a jump became few and far be-

* They are now at Servaz, at the sign of the Balance. Gentle reader, stay and lunch at their hotelry.

tween; and pole, ladder, and hatchet did us good service. First went a guide with a hatchet; to him were connected by a rope, at intervals of five or six yards, three other guides, then the foremost amateur, then again four guides preceding myself, and so on. The porters with the provisions at this point declared that they had had enough of it, and the constantly renewed bribe of an extra bottle of wine ceased, as it lost its novelty, to have the desired effect. In fact, they said good-bye to us, wished us *bon voyage* descended again, and we felt that now at all events we were "in for it."

Crevasses of moderate width were crossed by laying two or three alpen-stocks across them, forming a bridge; those more formidable required the ladder, also used as a bridge. We stepped across from round to round, and as my head was tolerably steady, I could not refrain from looking down between them, any sense of nervousness in so doing being completely mastered by the inexpressible beauty of the depths—dark green as far as the light could penetrate the ice, shadowing off into a boundless undefined gloom where it could not. One of our party, who had not the previous training of the other three, and who was also a much stouter man, preferred straddling the ladder, and in that position being pulled and shoved across fore and aft, amidst the shouts of the party—an expedient at once ingenious and safe.

During Mr. Brown's ascent a guide owed his safety in crossing a crevasse to a very curious circumstance. When within a foot of the ladder by which he was about to mount, he suddenly sunk up to the arms in snow, and in trying to rise disappeared altogether; the men at the ladder reached down their poles, and hauled him up, partly insensible. He ascribed his safety entirely to the branches of the fir fagot, which projecting across his knapsack, wedged him firmly on either side of the crevasse, his body being thus suspended over what he described as a vast depth.

One particular crevasse delayed us long. There was no turning it, for it stretched far to the right and left of our course. Its further lip was five or six feet lower than the level of the brink on which we stood. This in itself was nothing extraordinary; but beyond this first crevasse, and divided from it by an intervening ridge of ice two or three yards broad, yawned another very considerable crevasse. Nor was this all, for the further side of the further chasm was a wall of sheer ice very much higher than the middle ridge. A stoppage ensued, and for the first time since we had taken to the ice, we got together and compared our several experiences. At length a plan of operations was arranged. Our party was first disconnected, and a couple of

guides, assisted by their poles, crossed the first crevasse, taking with them a rope, a hatchet, and the ladder. This was planted on the further brink of the middle ridge on which they had landed, and its opposite end lowered till it touched the further wall which I have described. From the top of the ladder to the summit of the facing wall several yards remained overtopping. The first guide attached to his comrade ascended the ladder, and with his hatchet cut several notches in the ice for his hands and feet, managing somehow or other by this means to scale the height. The rest was comparatively easy—the second guide being easily pulled up by the first. Then each traveller was tied round the waist (all the knapsacks having been passed on first), and one by one we were hauled up the furthest side. But, besides such artificial expedients, several natural bridges assisted our progress; for the crevasses are often spanned by a plate of ice or snow, more or less secure. When their existence is detected, their consistency is first tried by probing them with a pole; and it is not a little startling sometimes to find them suddenly give way and fall in at the centre, and after a few seconds' silence to hear the bits either crash against ice, or splash into those mill-streams which underdrain the glacier. I have often seen a pole too, carelessly handled in thus sounding the snow, suddenly shoot through and disappear, the distance of its fall only to be measured by the interval which elapses before a crash is heard—if indeed it is heard at all! But the worst of all is when you stand on such an insecure bridge without knowing it; although indeed you very soon find it out. When we talk of cutting the ice, it must be remembered that glacier-ice is far more easily chopped than common ice. It is much more brittle, and this from its peculiar structure, which consists of alternate plates of hard, transparent blue ice, and of white aerated ice, quite the reverse of transparent, and much less hard. But this is now a familiar fact. It is very curious to observe how the moraine of a glacier, far from sinking into the ice (as we might have expected), seems, by preventing the basis on which it rests from melting, rather to rise above it. The same process is more apparent, though hardly more remarkable, in the case of an isolated block. But we never encountered an ice-pedestal supporting such a statue as the following.

"On the Portillo Pass in the Cordillera," says Darwin, "are several broad fields of perpetual snow. These frozen masses during the process of thawing had in some parts been converted into pinnacles or columns. On one of these a frozen horse was sticking as on a pedestal, but (ludicrously enough) with his hind legs straight up in the air!" His expla-

nation is—"I suppose the animal must have fallen with his head downward into a hole, when the snow was continuous, and afterwards, the surrounding parts must have been removed by the thaw." Surely the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg would blush (if statues can blush) did it know that there ever had been in the world one horse in an attitude more extraordinary than its own!

Such are some, and only some, of the features of the glacier. But they may be taken as types; for though the face of a glacier is ever changing its expression, though its substance suffers a continual waste, yet the laws which regulate it are unalterable, the mass to be moulded never fails, the mould through which the mass slowly and majestically passes is fixed; and so these great ice-characters are stereotyped, and the process of Nature in its truest sense—a constant being born—is constantly exhibited. But who can give the faintest idea of its wild, unearthly, terrific beauty? Its birth on some heaven-kissing summit, its cradle in the mountain hollows, its snow swaddling-clothes, gradually removed as it descends, till the pearl-like hue of the real surface is discovered, delicately veined with blue—the gigantic causeways, lateral and medial, that descend its surface, bearing aloft vast masses of rock far removed from their parent needles—the dark-green frowning chasms, the blue arching fairy like halls, floored, walled, and roofed with ice, and hung about with graceful icicles, yards in length and feet in diameter; the connecting lanes and labyrinths, "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," which now plunge you into the dark abyss where a cataract roars, now lead you up again to the dazzling surface, musical with a thousand tinkling runnels obedient to the sun; add to this the toppling icecrags, crashing as they lose their balance, while the glacier moves on its slow but irresistible march; the glittering pinnacles and spires which usually precede its fall, the golden grain and the blue flax flower which bend over its sides to watch its waning moments; finally, the "dusky doors" from which its life-blood rolls—this—and how little of the truth is this?—is surely "beautiful exceedingly." It requires an effort to take leave of this "thrilling region," but the shadows are lengthening, and we must on to our half-way house, our glacier-girt island rock of the Grands Mulets. This lofty chain of rocks is some five thousand feet below the summit of Mount Blanc, and some three thousand above what is called the line of perpetual snow. Though of very considerable height, it is so dwindled into nothing by the distance, that to the peasant at Chamouni it presents the appearance of a line of mules ascending the snow. From this fancied re-

semblance of course the name originates. The rock has been so often described that a minute account would be superfluous. It is always now adopted as a midway station, from its convenient distance, and because it is too steep to afford the snow a lodgment, but more especially because the avalanches roll harmlessly around it. The climb to the ledge on which we bivouacked was not only toilsome but dangerous, on account of the numerous loose pieces of rock, which, if dislodged by the unwary foot, roll, collecting others, till they may prove fatal to the comrade who follows you. No sooner had we reached our ledge in the face of the rock than preparations were commenced to insure a comfortable, if but a short repose. A kind of hut has since our ascent been constructed by the guides. On the occasion of our visit we had, I am glad to say, no other roof but the sky.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when our party arrived. The rock was glowing with heat, and this, or some other cause, made me bleed profusely at the nose. We began to understand the force of the guide's advice to De Saussure, to take up nothing but a parasol and a bottle of smelling salts. We changed our attire—(which up to this time consisted merely of cricket flannels)—spread out our dainties—as the heat cooled, lighted a fire—and soon our preparations for enjoyment were complete.

That night be sure "we kept high festival. Guides and amateurs drew in near the embers, conversation never flagged, songs were never not forthcoming, the last toast was loath to be drunk. Each bottle as it was emptied—and many were so served—was tossed over the ledge, and its swift career to destruction watched by eager and delighted eyes. In the midst of our jollity the distant boom of a gun fired at Chamouni assured us of the sympathy of the nether world, and added one more to our already long list of toasts.

Meanwhile the obsequies of departing day had commenced, and the evening came in heralded by such a pomp and pageantry of glory as, unless seen, can by no imagination be conceived. Step by step the level rule of daylight left the valley and was mounting upwards. Hours of day above when all was night below. In silence and scarce perceptibly it approaches the tremendous outlines of snow and rocky precipice far distant from us, rendered seemingly near by the more pure and rarefied condition of the atmosphere. Pinnacle, dome, and cupola seem to draw themselves close around and above us, confronting us with their awful "full-faced presence." And now we ourselves are being left below by the retiring tide of light. Purple mists roll themselves about the foot of the mountain; overhead is let loose volume after

volume of flushing and heaving light. Gold, crimson, and violet blend in swelling succession the dolphin-like changes of the dying day; till last and longest, and loveliest of all, that indescribable rose-hue so familiar to the lover of the Alps sweeps up the snow, and reveals the relative heights of the gigantic mountain-brothers. Meanwhile the glacier obeys the spell of advancing night. What a spectral, deathlike aspect it assumes! One by one its superficial runnels are chilled into silence, and the attentive ear only can catch the hoarse rumble of its lower waterpipes. Soon all is silence—silence doubly still, if occasionally interrupted by the resounding crash of some toppling ice-crag, or the dull roll of an unseen avalanche.

Winter on the glacier is one long, awful night. The warmth of the earth, and the gravid elasticity of the ice itself, prevents a total halt even then; but it is only in summer and autumn that it majestically advances at its greatest speed (some two feet a day), accompanied by the thunder-sound of bursting ice-crags—the grand and solemn bars of that wild and unearthly march! And oh, what a march is that! You seem to behold embodied before you the haltless, hasteless, pitiless form of Necessity herself, advancing to fulfil her inexorable purpose! The thought oppresses you; you struggle in vain to rid yourself of the deadening incubus.

The rate of a glacier's progress is expressed in an entertaining form by Professor Forbes. "Assuming roughly," says he, "the length of a glacier to be twenty miles, and its annual progression five hundred feet, the block which is now discharged from its surface on the terminal moraine may have started from its rocky origin in the reign of Charles I. The glacier history of two hundred years is revealed in the interval; and a block greater than the largest of the Egyptian obelisks, which has just commenced its march, will see out the course of six generations of men ere its pilgrimage, too, be accomplished, and it is laid low and motionless in the common grave of its predecessors."

As I lay now, propped on one elbow, what a scene was before my eyes! The ruddy embers glowing on our ledge; the glimmering lanterns, far out in the snowy wilds, of two guides sent forward to report on the state of the snow; the ghost-like mountain-forms leaning out of the night, staring at us, and then receding; the sentinel stars sharply defined, but watching motionless in the sky; behind us the sullen boom of frequent avalanches was enough to drive away all sleep.

The tumbling avalanches—
How awful, yet how beautiful! These are
The voices of the mountains; thus they ope

Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other
In the primeval language, lost to man.

If our party yielded to impressions impossible to express, what must have passed through the mind of that first pioneer of the way who, on the 8th of June, 1786, found himself *alone* in these wilds? A storm raged that day, but he, sheltered under a rock, dug a hole in the snow for warmth wherein to pass the night, and was kept up by the brave heart within him. Up to that time, those who, in the chase of chamois, or in search for crystals, had mounted higher than their comrades, had brought down with them reports of black skies, and stifling snow vales, and "accursed mountains," from which all gifts of Heaven seemed withheld. And, be sure, imagination had not been idle. The gloomy terrors of tradition must doubtless, in such a solitude, have been hardly less formidable than the present reality itself. But Balmat defied them both alike, and two days after returned to his native vale, long to lie frost-bitten on his bed, but with the proud consciousness that he alone, of all men, had marked out with his eye the one possible approach through those maiden snows to the summit of Mont Blanc. The good and great De Saussure had offered the reward which had led to this discovery: to him every successor in his footsteps, however humble, must render a passing homage, due, as for much else, so not least for the absorbing interest of his narratives, only equalled (if at all) by that of our own compatriot, the energetic Professor Forbes.

At length my endeavors to sleep were more unsuccessful. Occasionally a drowsily-muttered word might be heard amongst ourselves, or from the guides smoking below in the shelter of every available ledge and cranny of the rock. But this, too, died away; and I wandered in the land of dreams—less dream-like than the reality!

At a quarter before twelve that night we were roused from our hasty slumbers; and slowly the idea broke upon me that, if all were propitious, by nine o'clock in the morning I might stand on the summit. But I freely confess that the cold, the interruption of such scanty slumbers, and the prospect of immediate work before us, rendered good temper, even decent self-restraint, at first an effort of some merit. But action dispels most ill humors, and it soon scattered mine. Our pioneers had returned with a favorable report of the snows in front. All boded well. We made a desperate attempt to eat something, as we were bidden, but obeyed with more alacrity the order to increase our clothing. Gaiters, fur gloves, and every conceivable protection against the cold, were resorted to. And so we proceeded on our way,

swollen by the reduplications of our dress to most unnatural proportions. But why weary the reader with a long account of that toilsome night-march? It gave us some idea of the horrors of a forced march, and the pluck needful to endure it. The disk of the full moon was not yet visible, but her reflected beams from the huge Dôme du Gouté flung a most spectral gleam over these wilds of desolate sublimity. When at last she herself peered over the ghost-like mountains, how gladly we hailed her advent!

Looking broadly at the remaining portion of the ascent, it will be observed that "three gigantic steps" (as Mr. Albert Smith paraphrases the local expression of *Les Montets*) conduct to the summit. These steps or landing-places are, in fact, the vast basins which the snow-clad glacier, as it pours down the mountain, successively fills and overflows. So that after all our Yankee friend was nearer to the truth than he himself imagined, when he compared *Mount Blank* to Niagara. The waves of the ice-stream, from such a violent dislocation of its body, are, as might be expected, here fearfully confused. As the principal crevasses are those which, starting from the Dôme du Gouté, yawn in front of the most extensive of the three landing-places, the Grand Plateau, we shall for brevity confine our attention to them.

Let me merely explain, that between the excitement caused by passing these "furrow-cloven falls," the ascent proceeded over moderate inclines of snow, now crisp and hard, now soft and very toilsome. Here my sole and undivided attention was absorbed in a steady and serious contemplation of my predecessor's pair of heels: occasionally, perhaps, relieved by an upward glance at the silver calotte of Mont Blanc, but *not* with "unreverted eye"—for the ruddy embers which we had left glowing on our ledge seemed to become more and more comfortable the further we left them behind us. A lantern was now carried immediately in front of each amateur, but as it was far easier to see one's way without it (in fact, it caused me great annoyance), I had it removed to the rear, not, however, without an energetic remonstrance; for this, again, is one of the traditional observances of the ascent, and who was I that I should rebel against the wisdom of the past? The present however, being the more forcibly urgent, I was very wilful, and was abandoned to my own devices.

We have said that we would confine our attention to the crevasses which entrench the Grand Plateau; but it is after all the same story over again, the same difficulties somewhat increased, with the additional effect of the ghostly moon-light. Guides wandered about in search of a practicable passage—now

they thought they had discovered one—now they found that they had not. Lanterns were lowered into the chasms, but only to show how impassable, unfathomable they were; and when one of them was carelessly suffered to shoot down into the profound abyss, misgivings of ultimate success would arise. Councils were held around the most experienced of the party, who had been quiet enough when all went well, only throwing about searching looks to detect any possible change in the weather, but who now appeared a very Nestor in council. As for me, I shrouded myself in gloomy silence, devouring my own soul. But at last there was a move. A passage is discovered, and this time the discovery is not merely imaginary. But the discovery certainly does not end the difficulty. First the crevasse must be crossed, and then a desperate scramble ensues on the face of a precipice, and at last the level of the Grand Plateau is gained. Meanwhile, a parching thirst oppresses you more and more; the evaporation from the body being excessive, on account of the diminishing density of the air. Raisins, prunes, and acid drops are the only real means of refreshment. Wine (especially *vin ordinaire*) relieves you for a time; snow only makes you more thirsty than ever, if you use it—and who does not?—for that purpose. The use of the wax candles catalogued in our outfit has been observed already.

But the greatest relief was to have reached the Grand Plateau. This (as we have remarked) is a great basin filled with snow-clad ice. It is about three miles in length. On its surface some very wide and difficult crevasses are invariably met with, but still it is level; and that makes up for a great deal. Yet though comparatively easy of transit, it is one of the most dangerous parts of the ascent. The mountains enclosing it in an irregular semicircle, launch without intermission into its basin their sleepless thunderbolts of snow and ice. Here it is that travellers generally first feel the effects of the rarefaction of the atmosphere. Two volunteers who had attached themselves to our party had to return in consequence, and a gentleman as well, who had followed us, had to be taken back to the Grands Mulets. Poor fellow! he was in a dreadful state, lying on the snow and vomiting frightfully. Here, too, that often-described and fearful accident happened to Dr. Hamel's party in the year 1820: three guides were buried in the snow, or hurled into fathomless abysses, never to appear again. Mr. Durnford, one of the party, has recorded the disaster in a manner (as well he might!) most deeply interesting and pathetic. When one of my own guides whispered into my ear with a shudder—"Move on, sir, move on, my poor brother lies there!" I must confess to

have felt great misgivings as to the legitimacy of the present adventure. But it was not the time to entertain such thoughts; and, with a shudder, I too passed on. The foremost amateur of our party, who had the best opportunity of seeing it, has thus described in a private account a difficulty which met us on the plateau: — "When about half-way across, we arrived at a crevasse which appeared to extend from one side to the other; we had no means of crossing it but by descending and clambering up the opposite side. It was not so perpendicular as most of those we had passed. We could not see the bottom by the light of the moon; but, letting down a lantern at the end of a rope, it was found to be about thirty feet in depth. One of the guides now advanced, and feeling the rope tied round him to ascertain that the knot was secure, he was let down slowly with a lantern placed between his feet (like a great glow-worm). I watched his progress, and saw that when he reached the bottom he took up the lantern and groped about, looking for an easy place by which to ascend the other side. He soon found one, more practicable than we expected, and by which, without difficulty, he gained the opposite side; the rest followed in safety." The traces of a chamois on the snow have more than once aided us in finding a passage across intricate crevasses; their instinct remedies the formation of their foot, singularly ill adapted for passing rotten snow. We met with a dead chamois once, which had evidently perished in a desperate attempt to extricate itself from such a position. I have mentioned that there is one slight possible deviation from the usual ascent of Mont Blanc. It is here. You may either go across the plateau, and so take the more direct line to the Rochers Rouges, or you must turn the enclosing ice-buttress of the basin. The former is the easier, but the latter by far the safer way; and since its discovery, by the judgment of Sir Charles Fellows in 1827, it has always been followed.

Of the rest of our ascent, the most redoubtable part is the "terrible Mur de la Côte." Before, however, we had reached this last great danger, fresh wonders had been revealed to us, and one cheering friend had appeared. Along the right side of the stifling snow-valley through which we defiled, great menacing masses of ice leant out from the mountain wall, threatening to fall without the warning of an instant; and huge cornices of snow, garnished with a pendant fringe of icicles, beetled over its brow, "hanging suspended in such nice equipoise," that the disturbing vibration of even a whisper might bring them down to overwhelm us in destruction. How silently we passed them under! But the cheering friend, who was he? Never more truly came "joy in the morning," than after the "heaviness" of

that "night" of toil; never was a sign of hope more heartily welcomed, than was the rose-red flame caught by first one snowy summit, then by another, till all were a-glow. Yes! the "troops of stars" that had "visited, all night," the crown of the Sovran Blanc, now paled their ineffectual fires, for a mightier than they was come; not visible himself — at least not visible to us — to the higher summits the sun had long ago showed himself, "filling their countenance with rosy light." How we blest his beams! what joy to see the tide of day descending, whence we had watched it gradually gathered up the night before!

As may well be believed, we were in no mood for views, while climbing the dreadful ice-precipice which Albert Smith has rendered so well known by all. But even now we could not but be conscious that to our left was the reverse of that incomparable scene which hundreds behold every summer from the island-rock in the glacier of Léchaud, where each summer unveils its profusion of Alpine blossoms, and that from its fountain on the Col du Géant, the eye could wander far down the noblest perhaps of glacier-streams, till a bend conveyed it from our sight. Nature here requires indeed no associations to add to her charms; but certainly no inconsiderable interest was added by the recollection that we looked on the scene of De Saussure's grandest exploit, his seventeen days' bivouac on the Col du Géant; of Professor Forbes' chief labors; of the bold achievement of two English ladies, whose names are to the peasants of Chamouni still a wonder and an astonishment. All this time I suffered excessively. The chief part of my distress resulted, not to mention a tendency to nausea, from a dreadful headache, a tightness across the chest, a faint taste of blood in my mouth, and a sensation of dryness perfectly indescribable. Every breath of air stirred up little grains of hard snow or hail, and peppered the scores which it gashed in the skin by way of keeping them well open. My eyes, too, smarted excessively; and, to judge from the appearance of the guides near me, I must have looked thoroughly dried up, pinched, and gaunt. We were now connected in little divisions, one amateur in the centre of each; for as were all, without exception, continually throwing ourselves on the snow from fatigue and most oppressive drowsiness, and as one wished to move on a step or two, while another perhaps wanted his rest, it was found that one long line would never suit the caprices of all parties. One of the guides gave us a good deal of trouble. He threw himself down, and was asleep in no time at all; a few seconds were allowed him, but it was found that he did not show the least sign of rousing himself, so we had to do it for him. A gentle, and then a very ungentle pull or two had no effect what-

ever; then it came to belaboring him with a pole; eventually, several poles were united in one operation; and it was only after a most sound bastinado that any signs of life appeared. He begged and prayed to be left altogether—at all events for one wink more. But as the result of such indulgence might be nothing less than fatal, of course his request was denied, and he had to move on.

It was now my turn to come to a dead stop. I declared that a minute or two I must have. The guides, nothing loath for a stop themselves, allowed it. I resisted all temptation to sleep, but took a good rest (crowding as much repose as would go into the shortest time), and had a good pull at some *vin ordinaire*. My companion in front—he was behind me a short time before—came meanwhile to have a look at my prostrate form. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "you are very ill, you must go back, and rather than you should damage yourself, I will go with you. Why, my dear fellow, you are quite *black in the face*! Now I had rested, was refreshed, and was beginning to "range myself," so I thanked him for his sympathy, and I am sure it could not have been more generously given. Then I looked into his face, and after what I saw there, it was my turn to be alarmed. So I said something about "the pot calling the kettle *black*," and remarked to him that *his* complexion had become amazingly darker too. I pulled off one of my fur gloves, and perceived that its color tallied with that of his face exactly. However, we were again on the move, and I can hardly tell why, but all at once my pain seemed to go, and I considerably astonished the guides by helping to pull, instead of being pulled myself. No relapse luckily ensued. I had, I believe, suffered more than any other of the amateurs, with the exception of Albert Smith, on the Mur de la Côte, but during the last three-quarters of an hour, and on the top, I was as fresh and up to the mark as any, and had all my appreciation about me. Albert Smith so amusingly describes his own sensations about this time, that all no doubt remember them well; but I must say for him, what he has *not* said for himself, that his pluck was unflinching and indomitable. For there he was suffering acutely, scarcely able to move a leg. Several guides in double line had attached him to a couple of ropes, and were pulling him along just in the same way as in Layard's book you see the removal effected of one of the great bulls at Nineveh. He looked very ill indeed, and was quite insensible when I poured a glass of champagne down his throat. This might have been a hazardous experiment, but it certainly revived him.

And now for the Calotte of Mont Blanc. His great, shining, icy dome! I felt that suc-

cess was certain, and my spirits rose accordingly; but the last climb was a tough, a slow, and a dangerous one. A slip on the glistening dome would have hurried you to invisible destruction; and here every single step had to be hewn in the ice, one notch for the hand, another for the foot. Zig-zag we went, the guide preceding me having his feet generally on a level with my head. The cold was intense, though not so severe as earlier in the day. The work of hewing the ice was of course most laborious, and each guide had to take his turn in relieving the bearer of the adze. Crunch, crunch it went, and down came a wedge of ice rolling between your feet, passed through the line, and was out of sight in a second. Bright and glistening morsels, as well they might be, for we were now surmounting his crown, and these were great gems from the flashing diadem of the monarch of the Alps! Naturally this slow mode of progression, these constant halts, gave plenty of time to catch peeps at the opening glories of the view; but I saw that our time was precious, and restrained myself as much as possible from anticipating the magnificent burst which I knew awaited me. Indeed other thoughts thronged upon me one after another with such overwhelming rapidity that I had no need to look, in order to employ the time.

At last I looked up. I saw a pole or two stuck in the hard granular snow. I saw a guide or two lying down, and I saw a bright face and a hand stretched out widely to seize mine. There was nothing *above* us but the ebon sky. We stood on the stainless summit of Europe. Our shadows fell westward down on to the top of Mont Blanc! Was it possible? Was it a dream? What a shaking of hands, what an utterance of mutual congratulations, roared out, but faintly heard, satisfied us of our personal identity, of the reality of the fact! Last of all up came Albert Smith, he sank on the snow perfectly exhausted; most of the rest, I believe, did the same.

The top may be about one hundred yards long, by half that breadth; and has been very well described by Auldjo as not unlike the half of a pear cut longitudinally and placed on the flat part. At least, *we* found it so. What others may have found it, or may find it, I cannot pretend to describe; for the snow and ice must be continually changing their conformation in obedience to the action of the sun, the winds, the rains, and other physical causes. But the view, the view, was *it* worth seeing? Ay! worth a life to see. At least I confess to having thought so. Be it remembered that the circumstances under which we saw it were the most favorable in every respect that could be conceived; not the least important of these being a perfect capacity, as far as health went, of appreciating what we

saw. "And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arose in me; I would that I could give even a faint idea of the feelings which thrilled us; of the ebon-black sky; of the everlasting mountains; of the limitless distance; of the flood of light which smote with all their might through the senses. And yet I have not mentioned the most impressive fact of all: the solemn, unutterable, "expressive silence," throned here amidst her ancient solitary realm. Far and wide she flung the virtue of her omnipotent spell, and so long, it seemed, had she brooded there, that she at once overcame any profane attempt to deny her influence. In plain words, the resistance of the air—here consisting of but half its density below—was so slight that sound could with difficulty be produced, "and when one spake unto his fellow," the lotus-eaters' fate entranced him, for "his voice was thin as voices from the grave." In truth this was not a time for communicating, but for receiving impressions, receiving them humbly yet eagerly from the silent lips of Great Nature herself. And in what a glorious way did she utter forth truth after truth to the most impassive ear! How impossible was it for a miserable mortal to dare disturb her solemn harmony of power, of beauty, and of truth with one discordant accent, however faint—with one thought, but of herself!

It is not without a great effort that I can bring myself to relate any details of what we perceived—perceived, not only *saw*—for perceptions poured in at every sense—every sense preternaturally sharpened to receive them. But I will do so, alas! how inadequately.

To begin with the only higher thing—for want of a fitter word—than ourselves. The sky. It was cloudless, but black, ebon-black. We had in fact approached to a height so exalted in the atmosphere that enfolds our globe, that the limitless black void beyond it became visible; the empty, lightless space—too pure for light itself! A certain system of education and knowledge has been compared to the sun, "which, as it shineth and revealeth the terrestrial globe, obscureth and concealeth the celestial." But as there is another and a truer knowledge, which does not this at all, so physically the case was reversed with us—with some of us, that is; my eyes, I suppose, must have been too filmy to see it. In plain words, although, of course, it was now brilliant daylight, the stars overhead were not invisible to some of our party. This fact has more than once been observed by others; of the veracity of my informants I have no reason to doubt. To them, at least, the sun which revealed the glories of the earth beneath, concealed not the starry glories of the heavens above.

We have now examined the icy crown on

which we stand, seeming to behold the world—we have cast a fearful glance upwards at the vaulted canopy of the heavens, let us cast our eyes downwards on the earth—the earth at our feet. And before we can look forth from the "undisturbed and lone serenity" of our watching-place, let us first disburden ourselves of the thousand feelings which agitate us. Let us quell the bursting emotions of triumph which transported us, triumph shared by all our party. For together we had trained, together we had looked with vague mysterious awe on this silent, spirit-like form of lightness far, far away; together we had toiled and toiled in light and darkness, by menacing rocks, over fearful crevasses, beneath overhanging precipices, along fields of snow, up walls of ice, and together we stood in triumph. The toil was forgotten. Can the victory ever be so? I thought, too, of the great and good De Saussure, and other brave hearts—none braver, none better than he, though—who had stood where I stood then. It was something to be where he had been. So even that unearthly spot has its recollections now. I thought, too, sadly of those who had perished in the attempt. I thought how little any one at home, then sitting at breakfast, could imagine where, not *on* but *above* earth I was. Other thoughts, however, were predominant, but I dare not tell them here; questions in the play may hint them,—

See'st thou how far thou art from earth!

See'st thou

How near to heaven!

If it was difficult to determine then what to look at first, how difficult to fix a point to commence a description now!

No painting can adequately express action, and no language can even feebly depict a view. It may in succession enumerate the parts of it, but wherein consists the very soul of the view but in the simultaneous impression of all its parts on the eye? If this is true of any view, how must it apply to such a one as this! All that language can hope to do in such a case is to express somewhat of the effect produced on the mind of the beholder. Let us attempt a word-picture, as none other can be supplied.

The black color of the sky above us shaded itself off insensibly till it rested on the extreme verge of the horizon. The blue here was denied an immediate contact with the circle of the earth by a faint, curling, bluish mist, far, far away, "girdled round the gleaming world;" while the position which we occupied seemed to be the centre of all things, the navel of the world.

And so, to compare great things with small, we stood, as it were, on the central *boss* of a

mighty shield, richly carved and crusted in the centre, chastened and flattened in the mid distance, level as a circling ocean, or nearly so, at the outer rim—the whole shield being, like the shields of Homeric heroes, “equal on every side.” And as on such a shield, too, silver-studded, first one nail and then another might catch the light and glitter the most brightly—so mountain after mountain, peak after peak, and pinnacle after pinnacle, by turns gleamed pre-eminent around below us.

In our own immediate vicinity, what a glittering array of domes and spires clustered close under the great central dome of ice on which we stood, not one, however, aspiring to approach its proud supremacy. To the east they stretched in glorious succession. The Aiguilles du Midi, de Blaitiere, the Grandes Zorasses, the Charmoz, and, across the Mer de Glace, the magnificent Aiguille Verte, fenced about with its countless inferior needles, were the nearest giants, and all belonging to the proper group of Mont Blanc. But innumerable other aiguilles and domes succeeded in apparently unbroken line from these, till they ended in the gigantic pyramid of the Matter Horn and Monte Rosa, bright with her triple-clustered pinnacles. This was the centre of the view, including the limits of the Pennine chain, beginning with the king, ending with the queen of the Alps. On the other side, the western continuation of our immediate chain, it was curious to look far down on the Dome du Goûté—that dome which from its height and advanced position seems to the traveller at Chamouni to be the culminating summit of the range, towering above the calotte of Mont Blanc itself. In fact, the opinion of the relative heights of most of the mountains of which our sight had judged, had to undergo a thorough reformation. As to the Brevent, of which we have talked, it looked the merest ploughed ridge.

But how gloriously were these magnificent jewels, these soaring peaks, set! Fields of snow and rivers of ice were the basement in which were built their strong foundations, from which they sprang to heaven; and then lower down still than these appeared the humble green valleys, parted lengthways by the silver threads of rivers.

One spot to the east demanded and deserves a pause of passing thought. We could not see the exact position, for a peak intervenes, but the guides pointed with their fingers to where stands, amid perpetual snows and thawless frosts, the ancient house of true, active, beneficent religion, the Hôspice of the Great St. Bernard. From that sacred spot, morning, noonday, and evening, winter and summer alike, the hymn of men mingles with the grand chorus of Nature, and as unfailling as the voice of praise is the painful and un-

wearied benevolence which rescues the bewildered traveller from the snows—if alive, to partake of freely-given hospitality—if dead, to be placed where numbers have been placed before, in the awful “morgue,” to be identified by chance passing friends. There they stand, a ghastly company, staring with sightless eye-balls, as if straining to descry through the drifting snow-storm the approaching helper—to hear through the howling blast the deep bay of the noble hound. Meet helpers they for such men! And they came—the Monk and the hound came—but too late for them! The frost has preserved them, each in the very attitude in which he looked his last.

Having made a rapid survey of the “boss” of the shield, itself a magnificent ocean of snow-crested mountain waves, which shouldered up to us, culminating where we stood, let us look round, taking a wider circle. To the north-west the Lake of Geneva showed like a shining sickle; beyond appeared the long, low line of the Jura mountains, with numerous hills of France. What a distant range it seemed to have; on its side huge boulders which *must* have been transported somehow from the Mont Blanc range, right across that rich and industrious plain of Switzerland, all that way, and yet with their angles still sharp, their outlines all unrounded. What a tremendous, yet what a gentle force must have effected *that*! More to the north-east, across the valley of Chamouni, by the glacier-crested Buet, beyond the Lake of Geneva, we distinctly marked the smaller lakes of Neufchatel and Bienné. Eastward still, parallel with the Pennine chain, rose the pinnacled splendors of the Bernese Oberland; the noble outlines of the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, the Finster-Aarhorn, and the matchless presence of the Jung-frau, the Jung-frau confessing—little enough has she yet to confess—to the cowed Monk beside her. But this enumeration of some of its prominent features suggests little enough of the bright Oberland on a cloudless summer morning. We would rather appeal to the pleasant memories of the reader, though possibly his point of view might have been different, but not less beautiful. Following our course to the last, new summits rear themselves, till, on the Italian side of the Vallais, they are all cast into insignificance by the peerless grandeur of a group before noticed, the eastern extremity of the Pennine range—Monte Rosa, arrayed in queen-like and dazzling beauty. As we turn again towards her, the eye bounds exultingly forward from peak to peak, till wearied with its path of wonder, it reaches and rests on her rocks, and glaciers, and snows.

Looking south of Monte Rosa, the eye travels at a glance over the vast green plains of Lombardy and Piedmont: the last literally beneath our feet, at the foot of the mountain

The course of the Po was pointed out to me; Milan and Turin also; and I was perfectly willing to admit the fact, if only to satisfy my guide. Whether I saw Genoa, which was impossible, or Milan, which was possible, or Turin, which was certain, or Grenoble, or Lyons, or Dijon, or Chambéry, or Geneva, or Berne, was to me, I must confess, a matter of indifference. It was quite sufficient for me to know that I caught at a glance the general configuration of the countries over which they severally preside. But what a stretch of vision!—to see, looking one way, distinctly the country near Basle; to turn your back on Basle, and to see as distinctly the great blue plains of Alexandria and Marengo. But far nearer to us than Alexandria or Marengo was a feature of the view—a dark hollow in the shield—which, though it does not seem to have had equal charms for all who have made the ascent, long detained my wandering eye. It was the dark and overhanging valley of Aosta. The snowy peaks glared so numerous around us that that patch of rich blackness stood out in splendid relief, and from our barren summit I looked long on dark Aosta—Aosta, where vines are lavish of luxuriance. Alas! that man should be miserable and deformed where the earth which was made for him is so bountiful, so fair.

What a contrast to the last valley is another, of which we could see but little, lying right under the mountain—the Allée Blanche. Never was the character of a locality better expressed in its name. It is to the eastern extremity of this wondrous white vale that you descend, if you venture across the tremendous pass of the Col du Géant from Chamouni. No one who has not beheld Mont Blanc from Cormajeur (your destination if you take this pass, and a principal station in the tour of Mont Blanc) can say that he knows the mountain. His southern is perhaps his most noble front: there is less snow, but more rock; from the summit to the base it is one sheer precipice. Besides this pass of the Géant, only one other—less difficult, less remarkable, less frequented, but of superior elevation—crosses the Mont Blanc group proper. It is the Col de Salena.

But, leaving again these nearer objects of view, let us launch our gaze as far as we can to the south, and slightly to the east, over the Allée Blanche. If the Mediterranean is to be seen at all, it is to be there descried through a dip near Genoa. Now, however indifferent I might be about certain places above named, about the Mediterranean I was quite the reverse of indifferent. For who indeed could be unmoved at the mere chance of beholding for the first time, however distantly the faintest sign of that great central heart from whose ever-throbbing pulses the life-currents of com-

merce and civilization have since the dawn of time, circulated to quicken the world? I looked and looked, but see it I could not. A bold guide or two asseverated that they beheld it, but none of us could do so. I for one certainly failed, with all my longing, to be successful; a longing which, in this instance, would brook no testimony but my own. But we could just perceive a line of mountains bounding the view, we thought, to the south, and blending confusedly with another line more removed to the east. The first were the Maritime Alps, the latter the Apennines. It appears, then, to be beyond a doubt that, though the ray of vision extends over the Mediterranean, yet that the Maritime Alps intervene to hide what else had been visible.

One move more to the right, and we shall have completed our panorama. The Maritime Alps at their western extremity run up the vast plains which have been before described. Numberless mountains, unknown to us, lifted up proudly their glaciers and snows. But one we all knew. Who that has once seen him can forget Monte Viso, with his regular pyramid and tremendous snows? And who that thinks of him but must also think of those wild fastnesses where indomitable Faith, mightier than the strength of mountains, from age to age, amid surrounding gloom, has trimmed the pure flame of her undying lamp? *Lux lucet in tenebris*. Full well have "the men of the valleys acted up to their noble motto. Behind Monte Viso peeps were caught of the mountains of Dauphiné and Provence. What an inviting mystery of hills! Higher up northwards succeeded the mountains near Lyons; to these the Jura. We draw in our eyes, and again we are looking down right beneath us on to the round, smooth Dôme du Goûté.

Thus have we gone the round of our shield—a shield for none but gods. Not much more than twenty-four hours ago, and our gaze had been confined by the "munitions of the rock" round Chamouni. Now it was taking a comprehensive view of Switzerland, parts of France, Lombardy, and Piedmont; and we were looking down from our cold and snowy eminence into Italy—the land of the sunny vine, the land of passionate song, the land of high thought and of ignoble deed! Yes, there she lay with her gift, her "fatal gift of beauty." Not a mountain-pass near us but could tell of hordes that had traversed it, panting for the spoil of the south. To the right, the little St. Bernard had witnessed the long train of elephants and Numidians led by him who was fabled to have burst its rocks with vinegar. To the left, the Great St. Bernard testified what a fearful price the greatest of modern conquerors was not unwilling to pay could he but make Italy his own. And yet Nature has

fenced her bravely around—has interposed its most impenetrable bulwarks; but then her ravishers were a Hannibal and a Napoleon. And not only on various lands and languages were we looking on various *climates* as well. Italy was overhung with a rich golden haze, her sky “steeped in golden languors.” The north looked perceptibly less warm; but still as we gazed northwards, we envied not the south, for all that she was so beautiful; for well we knew that “dark, and true, and tender is the north;” and that if Italy had more of song, she had (at least in *our* time) less of noble energy to boast.

And so have we lingered long, perhaps presumptuously; the mind yearning the while to satisfy its unutterable, insatiable cravings; and bewildered in the vain attempt to crowd within itself, at once, all that the eye saw, all that the imagination sickened to see. Time and space seemed to be centred in the half-consciousness of the all-engrossing Present—the Present ever to expand, baffling the expanding faculties to comprehend it. And while we linger thus and look, the stern serenity around has laid upon our pulse the weight of her icy hand; could one throb of exultation now answer to the touch? What had exultation to do with such a place? What ages seemed to have noiselessly elapsed since we first had been here. What a great calm, born of surrounding silence, had slid into the soul. At first, man had mingled largely with our thoughts; but what had man to do here? what bond of sympathy could he claim with Nature *here*? She, and she alone, held effortless, undivided sway. Verily, methinks, had there been none to break the spell, the whole being had become part of itself beneath the transforming look of that Eternal Presence. But a cheery voice, and the kindly pressure of a guide's hand, dispels at once what had seemed the revolution of ages centred in a second's silence. We must not linger—it may be dangerous to delay. Farewell, then, oh silent summit! Still shalt thou gaze unmoved onwards—onwards, as now—into the lone Eternity! Still, while throughout the long ages morning and evening light on thee, their altar between earth and heaven, the rosy fires of their perpetual sacrifice; still, while suns shed on thy front the full flood of their effulgent glory, while moons bathe thy countenance in their sleeping beams, while stars weave mystic circles round thy brow, while clouds sail full-bosomed around thee, and thunders exult in their dreadful revelry! But thou—thou art the same still. The same, when this poor mortal, and myriads like to him, who bow, and shall bow down before thy majestic presence, with all their hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, shall be less than the least particle of the elements, thy scorn!

For what are mortals, their weal or their woe—to thee? what reck'st thou for the fate of men, the scarce less unstable doctrines of the nations which have changed and changed beneath thy unheeding gaze? Far other thoughts are thine;—we dare not, cannot fathom them!

One last long look more, and we are descending. Some parts required to be as carefully descended as they had been ascended; but generally speaking it took minutes to accomplish now what had been the work of hours before. Some of our attempts to imitate the admirable way in which the guides, leaning slightly on their alpenstocks, shot rapidly down the vast inclines of snow, ended in results sufficiently ludicrous. But the process is one of boisterous fun, the amusement at each other's awkwardness being caused and experienced by each of us; our black specks sliding rapidly down the face of the snow presented to an observer at Chamouni the appearance of tumbling straight down sheer precipices. A guide during the descent called my attention to a singularly beautiful phenomenon. Through a high wall of ice or snow the sun had pierced a semicircular window of noble proportions, and dentated with an ornament of icicles regular as the fringe of a Norman arch. Through this opening the eye slid down sloping fields of snow, till it rested with joy on the pines and pastures and chequered patches of cultivation in the valley beneath. One almost wondered, so deceptive was the distance that no busy harvest sound should come floating upwards too.

But space forbids a detailed account of our descent, by what short cuts we shortened the distance, what changes had meanwhile been effected on the ever-changing snows and ice, what a roar of life was again animating the glacier, which we had watched gradually lulled to its deathlike sleep; how wild was our triumph, how we sent on Jean Carrier to order milk for us at the *chalet* of Julie, how safe the rocks felt after the ice; a thousand thronging recollections want of space for us to forego. One little adventure, my last on the ice, the reader may be patient enough to endure. We had broken up into small detachments. A guide attached to me in front, and another behind, I was making my separate way, like the rest, across the glacier. We leapt over crevasses, which in the sober routine of life below would never have been attempted; but speed was necessary, for the action of the sun had been very powerful, and the ice was every minute becoming more insecure. At length we came to a crevasse wider than the generality of those which we had cleared in this careless manner. My guide in front leapt it, and I was following his example, in fact I was in the air over it, and saw that I should

clear it perfectly, when the guide attached to me behind, from some mistaken idea or other, checked the rope, and, of course, down I went, dangling in the crevasse. Luckily, I was pulled up myself, and did not pull the others in after me, but the *suspense*, while it lasted, was anything but agreeable.

Again we are at the foot of the mountain; but we are not suffered to return unaccompanied to the hotel. One of our party sneaked off, if so be he might avoid the honors reserved for him, but it was no good; he was pursued, and ignominiously led back. And then we perched ourselves upon mules, guides marching, bands—such bands—playing; our return was a perfect ovation, which took place amid a presentation of flowers (for which we paid next day), and the discharge of the redoubtable Chamouni artillery. As we reached the bridge, an enthusiastic Englishman rushed madly forward, repeating the well-known monosyllabic provocative to an English cheer; but for obvious reasons the result did not answer his expectations. I was much amused at my guide's question to me: "*Mais Monsieur qu'est ce que veut dire donc ce heep heep là ?*" At length we reached the court-yard of the Hotel de Londres, where we were most kindly welcomed, received at an altar of wax candles and champagne bottles, and listened to a complimentary address from the *maitre-d'hôtel*, prompted, when at a loss, by his amiable better half.

But it is in no light spirit or trifling mood that I would take leave of this monarch of mountains, and conclude the duties of a guide.

For Mont Blanc is in very truth the king of the Alps, and in his sovereignty there is no fiction. Dare to enter his court, to intrude into his presence, otherwise than by the way—the one way—at the time, in the manner, that he himself ordains, and to your cost you will learn submission and loyalty. Nay, when you have done all this, when you are mounting the last steps of his palace, ready to be admitted into his very presence—you must veil your eyes, or the glory would blind them; you must keep a respectful silence, or provoke an answer, which is death; your audience must be short—and who could endure it long?—lest he be suddenly angered—and remember, he is an autocrat, and autocrats are capricious—and he cut off your retreat. Nor may earth's greatest potentate presume more than the humblest individual; Napoleon had a signal planted on the summit, but the indig-

nity was endured but for a moment, then tossed in scorn away.

There is something very solemn in standing confronted thus with the full-faced majesty of Nature. The eye quails before her immovable aspect—the ear shrinks at her tremendous harmony—the tongue is silenced—the mind is overwhelmed. You fall down—you worship with the awe with which a heathen might have worshipped, as his eye rested on the gleaming summit of Olympus, and he saw, or thought he saw, the gods convened in council around their cloud-compelling king.

But anon, and the mind reasserts its superior energies, recovering itself with an irresistible bound. The recoil is mightier than the resistance, mightier *because* of the resistance. Less and less fearfully it contemplates that scene of awe, wrestles with Nature, acquiring vigor and expanding in the conflict, attains her serenest eminence, forces from her the secret of her strength, the law of her being, and exults to discover at length that within itself after all are centred affinities to far higher destinies, a law to which the law of the rest of Nature is nothing.

What a relief, rather what a burning triumph, thus to vindicate for the obscurest fate of most despised humanity an interest and a significance paramount and unapproachable—unapproachable even by the most majestic forms of most majestic Nature. But this preeminence asserted—this vantage-ground attained—the mind recurs once more to the wonder-steps by which it has mounted so high. It knows itself superior to the rest of nature, but not so superior to her as not to own a tie in common with her. We feel it must be so. We would not it were otherwise; and we question within ourselves what if that limitless chain which in one direction by links brighter and brighter, but still continuous, *ascends* till it is lost in brightness from our sight—what if it should, in the opposite direction, *descend*, by inferior but still unbroken links, till these too are lost in obscurity? What if there be a point at which these ends—if ends there can be said to be, meet and complete the mighty circle? And what if man, his being, and his destinies merge not only in one continuation of the chain with higher destinies, as we know they do, but in the other also, be more intimately connected than by us "on earth is thought," with the lower destinies, with the *less* precious links of animate—ay, and of inanimate nature too?

C. G. F.

From the British Quarterly Review.

A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his letters. Edited by Mrs. AUSTIN. 2 vols. Longman. 1855.

THE curious reader will assuredly have no objection to transport himself for a moment, chronologically to about the year eighty of the last century, and geographically to Woodford, in Essex, there to inspect a small section of the innumerable Smith family. Behold the father, tall and stalwart in aspect, dressed in drab, as though he were an amateur quaker, and surmounted by a hat of the strangest proportions, like that which a retired coalheaver might be supposed to adopt from old associations. The mother is fair to look on, with a charm of mind and manner yet more potent than the beauty of that frame, too delicate for long life among household cares. He is of quick, restless temperament, self-reliant, with a dash of whimsicality in his habit; never long in one place; fond of building and unbuilding; buying and selling some score of places in different parts of England. She has French blood in her veins, and the French vivacity sparkles through her native sweetness. So the children, four boys and a girl, have a goodly heritage of qualities—strength from one side the channel, brilliance from the other. All were remarkable for early tokens of talent. To the boys, books and disputation were as tarts and marbles. They read with insatiable greediness, and would try their skill against each other by fierce arguments on questions beyond their years. No other boys can stand a moment against these practised word-gladiators. They grow intolerably overbearing—the young Sophistæ. Away with them from home, ere they be spoilt! A public school shall be their Socrates—shall exercise and temper those quick wits of theirs—show them their limit and their level.

Sydney Smith, the second of these lads, is the subject, and his daughter, Lady Holland, the author of the memoir now before us.

Every one who knew Sydney Smith was aware that but a part of his nature—and that not the most truly noble—was known to the public. None was so deeply convinced of this as she who knew him best, and it was the beloved and melancholy task of his widow to prepare the memoranda and collect the letters which should form material for a worthy biography. But who should undertake it? Those who best understood him were too old, or too much occupied, or gone. Some said there would be little to tell for which the public would care; others, that the time was not yet come for the telling. But Mrs. Smith had consecrated her remaining days to the memory of her husband, and urged on Mrs.

Austin her anxious request that she would undertake the memoir and correspondence. Failing health compelled that lady to decline any labor beyond that of editing a selection from the letters. She stipulated, very properly, for full liberty to suppress anything that might injure the dead or wound the feelings of the living. An excellent discretion has guided her hand throughout the execution of her work. A righteous disappointment awaits those prurient eyes that may scan this correspondence in search of pungent personalities and the piquancy of scandal. The slightest note admitted into the volume has at least its touch to contribute towards the desired portraiture. Nothing is excessive or wearisome, while enough is given faithfully to represent the writer in heart and act.

Lady Holland's memoir, too, is right pleasant reading. We cannot regret that even friends like Moore and Jeffrey were unable to undertake what a daughter has so admirably accomplished. This biography is characterized by good sense and good taste. The narrative is clearly and gracefully written, the anecdotes and good stories well told, with a terse idiomatic raciness at times, that happily marks the lineage of the authoress. Above all—and this must be the source of truest satisfaction to the writer—the work justifies before the world the cherished convictions of domestic affection,—makes it manifest that there were in the subject of it admirable qualities of mind and heart of higher worth by far than any attribute which the common judgment had assigned to the dazzling talker and the trenchant controversialist.

Mrs. Austin justly remarks, that the reputation of Sydney Smith has risen since his death. It has risen, and it is to rise. Every year lessens the number of those who can remember the marvellous charm of his conversation—that diaphragm-shaking, fancy-chasing, oddity-piling, incongruity-linking, hyperbole-topping, wonder-working, faculty of his, which a bookful of Homeric compound adjectives would still leave undescribed. But meanwhile, the true proportions of that large intellect have been growing upon the vision of men. Blinded with tears of laughter, they could not estimate his magnitude. Hands palsied by convulsive cackinations were too unsteady to hold the measure and fit the colossus with a judgment. Now it is better understood how all that wit was only the efflorescence of his greatness—the waving wild flowers on the surface of a pyramid. Time may take from the edifice of his fame some of its lighter decorations, obliterate quaint carvings, decapitate some grotesque and pendant gargoyles, destroy some rich flamboyant word traceries; but that very spoliation will only display more completely the solid foundation,

the broad harmonious plan of his life's structure, and exhibit the fine conscientiousness with which those parts of the building most remote from the public eye were finished, even as those most seen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods are everywhere.

It is the work of time either to detect or to vindicate the architecture of every conspicuous name. The decay which exposes pretence justifies truthfulness, and gives the very life it seems to steal.

But, while the truth and the power that lay in such a man might be thus secure of recognition, it remained for a memoir like the present to exhibit the love with which his nature overflowed—his strong affections—the thoughtful tenderness of his sympathy—his generous spirit of self-sacrifice—his passion for making all about him happy, from the least unto the greatest. It is a right thing and a delightful that we should be assured, by those who alone can render such testimony, that the wit and mirthfulness of the noted Sydney Smith were not mere drawing-room and dinner-table coruscations, stimulated by reputation, by company, by wine, but the daily sunshine of a home. For many years his life was a struggle with the incumbrance of inevitable debt, remote from society, in disappointment, in a kind of exile. How many, so circumstanced, would have made themselves and all about them wretched,—visiting their vexations, in fretfulness or gloom, on wife, and children, and servants! He was indomitable in good temper, indefatigable in prompt, clear-headed action; sharing and lightening every one's burden by some blithe pleasantry or other; and esteeming no handicraft job a trouble, no contrivance a trifle, which could increase the comfort of any child, domestic, or even animal, beneath his care. We have seen, as from a distance, the scintillations of his wit, like the sparks that find their way up into the night from the mouth of some lowly cottage chimney. How goodly is it to enter the door, to look upon the great genial fire of household love from which they all were born—to watch the beaming faces round the ingle—to hear the ringing laugh of childhood, the merriment, the music, the singing. Whether at home or abroad, the wit of this man was the playful overflow of the strength given to a great lover of his kind. Bright it was but no mere brilliance, *no feu de joie*;—it was shiningly benign, as the rocket gleaming through the sky, whose fire-path is followed by the rope that saves a shipwrecked crew.

At Winchester School, under much misery

and semi-starvation, young Sydney produced thousands of Latin verses; ripening through this wretchedness for a fellowship at New College, Oxford. His inclinations would have led him to the bar; but it had been a costly matter to provide a legal education for his clever elder brother, Robert. So Sydney, after narrowly escaping being sent as supercargo to China, is urged by his father to enter the Church. At last he complies; and is next to be discovered, on diligent inquiry, a curate, in the midst of Salisbury Plain—a pauper pastor, horseless, bookless—nay, too often meatless, saying solitary grace over potatoes sprinkled with ketchup. Unhappy!—not for this poverty, but for the pressure which drove him to a calling for which he had no spontaneous vocation. At all events, filthy lucre did not entice him within the pale ecclesiastic. Once entered there, his duty was discharged most conscientiously, according to his views of it.

It appears to us as much a matter of course as the stopping of the heroine's runaway horse by the hero in a novel, that the squire of the parish, having ears on his head and some brains in it, should have taken a great fancy to Mr. Smith, the curate. He sends him to the Continent as tutor to his son; but war breaking out, they put into Edinburgh "in stress of politics." In that "energetic and unfragrant city," he took two eventful steps—matrimony, the first; the second, the projection and production of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he edited the first number.

In estimating the share of Sydney Smith in a movement of such importance, it is necessary to ascertain the secret of the power possessed by that portentous creation of buff and blue which was born, ideally at least, in the ninth flat of Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh.* It was not that the writers in this periodical evinced a talent which distanced what a literature rich as that of England had hitherto produced. The real strength of the new-come lay in the genius and the daring of those successive assaults upon political and social abuses under which we groaned, from our Dan unto our Beersheba. There were the Catholics unemancipated—blood-thirsty game laws—Test and Corporation Acts—prisoners could have no counsel—the laws of debt and conspiracy were scandalously oppressive—terrorism and taxation made up the business of the State, and digestion seemed the chief end of the Church. All the most thorough and most telling protests against abuses such as these which made luminous the early course of the *Review*, proceeded from the pen of Sydney Smith. It is to his commanding genius that we must award the honor of winning a hear-

* See a full discussion of this question in No. XXXI. of this Review.

ing for the *Edinburgh* from listless, despondent, or prejudiced auditors, on those great questions with which its deserved success must be forever associated.

Jeffrey worked harder for the *Review* than any one else. Most praiseworthy is the steadiness with which the versatile mind, cooped up in that wiry little body, labored at the periodical oar; and, had the *Edinburgh* existed for Scotland only, it would have needed for success nothing but what Jeffrey could have furnished. His analytical, dissecting-knife style of mind, his metaphysical acuteness, his proneness to philosophize about men as mere abstractions, his love of disquisition—all these were articles in demand north of the Tweed. The clever owner of such qualities might be pardoned, on their account, his flippancy, his critical destructiveness, his weary steeples, here and there, of unrelieved prosiness. As to wit, no one asked for it. Sydney Smith used to say that it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. But in England humor is native, and of high account. We do not think a man the less in earnest for his jest by the way, for an extravaganza now and then. With all our practicality, we love a playful fancy, quaint indirectnesses, grotesque collocations, sudden turns, gravely comic ironies. We do not always speak upon the square; we are not ashamed of having been known to utter an impracticable wish. Caledonia has given us some humorists of note, but they have always been formed by the culture and the society of England. Jeffrey, as Smith jocularly told him, was brimful at any time of arguments on every imaginable question; but Sydney alone could render the arguments he urged irresistible from laughter as well as logic. It is not too much to say that to his mind, more than to any other, was the *Edinburgh* indebted for the vigorous hold it took upon the public feeling of that time. His own modest estimate of his share in the work is thus expressed in one of his letters to Jeffrey:—

You must consider that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dullness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but such as I am, I am sure I have done your *Review* good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles.

Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the game-laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are right, and that there is no lack of sense in it. Vol. ii., p. 181.

After a residence of five years in Edinburgh, Sydney Smith removed to London, straitened in means, too liberal in his views to hope for much beyond merest journeyman's wages from his Church, but consoled by the *entrée* of Holland House, by an increasing circle of friends, and by signal popularity as a preacher. Languid West-Endians crowded to hear a man who preached in the every-day speech of good society, who was earnest, practical, intelligible, even interesting, in the pulpit, and under whom they almost forgot to yawn. The Lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, added deservedly to his fame and funds, and blocked up with equipages the streets which are named after Albe-marle and Grafton.

In 1809 preferment came, through Lord and Lady Holland, in the shape of a small living at Foston le Clay, in Yorkshire. A change in the law made residence and building compulsory, and Sydney Smith must atone in his own person for the ecclesiastical negligence and abuse of a hundred and fifty years.

Had he been the feather-brained, popularity-hunting fashionable which John Foster chose wrathfully to fancy him, he must have perished for lack of ices, champagne and small-talk. He must have lost at least one pair of boots, and all his peace of mind in the stiff clay of Foston. Nor would he have been the first London parson who has all but died of a living in Yorkshire. "Muster Smith," said the octogenarian clerk of Foston, on his first appearance, "it often strokes my mind that people as comes from London is such fools." Clerk and people straightway discover that their new pastor is no fool. He adapts himself to the situation with a facility that would have been amazing in any one except himself and Alcibiades. At London or at Foston, at Susa or at Sparta, your true lord of circumstance is equally at home. In the twinkling of an eye Sydney Smith has grown bucolic. His ignorance of agriculture is vanishing every day. He dines with the farmers, he sets on foot gardens for the poor, he doctors peasants or cattle, as the case may be (for he heard medical lectures at Edinburgh), he takes an absorbing interest in the diet and gestation of sheep and kine, and can find amusement in the trifles which constitute the events of a hamlet, so sparsely peopled, "that you never for years see so many as four people all together, except on a very fine Sunday at church."

Nine months of cheerful, untiring energy sufficed to build the new parsonage-house which was to replace the crumbling hovel formerly so called. He says:—

It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, "Jack, furnish my house." You see the result! Vol. i., p. 159.

Apropos of "Bunch," Mrs. Marcet records an amusing scene, which she witnessed on a visit to Foston.

I was coming downstairs the next morning, when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, "Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?" Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Roast duck, please, sir," and disappeared. I laughed. "You may laugh," said he, "but you have no idea of the labor it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't know, sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch!' (calling out to her), 'come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;' and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and courtesy-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir." "And what is courtesy-bobbing?" "Courtesying to the centre of the earth, please sir." "Good girl! now you may go." She makes a capital waiter, I assure you. On state occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.—Vol. i., p. 186.

Here is another illustration of the man from the same pen:—

"But I came up to speak to Annie Kay. Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay." Kay appeared. "Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay. Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines." Kay appears with the book. "I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?" "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "There is the gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it; the bull-dog, for more serious cases; Peter's puke; heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village; rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; dead-stop, settles the matter at once; up-with-it-then, needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles, a dose of dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum. This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contrivances for everything. Have you seen my patent armor? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armor. Now look here; if you have a stiff neck or swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise, a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin-slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary's shop." We all went downstairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines, and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessaries; in the centre, a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar.

"Here you see," said he, "every human want before you:—

Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show.

spreading out his arms to exhibit everything, and laughing. "Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you; and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship, when you live twelve miles from a lemon. By-the-by, that reminds me of one of our greatest domestic triumphs. Some years ago, my friend C—, the arch-epicure of the Northern Circuit, was dining with me in the country. On sitting down to dinner, he turned round to the servant, and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket, and he would find a lemon; "for," he said, "I thought it likely you might have duck and green peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon." I turned round, and exclaimed indignantly,—"Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!" and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that. Oh, it is reported that he goes to bed with concentrated lozenges of wild-duck, so as to have the taste constantly in his mouth when he wakes in the night." Vol. i., p. 355.

Nor was this gayety in any measure the result of mere heedlessness or insensibility. His strong affections gave poignancy to all that was trying in his lot. But the sense of duty, the spirit of love, the manly resolve to make the best of whatever might befall, bore him bravely up till better days.

"I have not unfrequently seen him in an evening," says Lady Holland, "when bill after bill poured in, as he was sitting at his desk (carefully examining them, and gradually paying them off) quite overcome by the feeling of the debt hanging over him, cover his face in his hands, and exclaim, 'Ah! I see I shall end my old age in a jail!' This was the more striking from one the buoyancy of whose spirits usually rose above all difficulties. It made a deep impression upon us; and I remember many little family councils, to see if it were not possible to economize in something more, and lessen our daily expenses to assist him.

Meanwhile he was a diligent contributor to the *Edinburgh*. He was never without some subject in hand for investigation. He was a very rapid reader, nimbly "tearing out the bowels of a book," seizing and estimating general results. His memory was not remarkably retentive. In gaining the fullest and most accurate information, written or oral, on any topic he was about to handle, he was most scrupulous and indefatigable. The necessary data once collected and arranged, he wrote swiftly, with all his heart and soul; never pausing for polish or effect, rarely altering or correcting what he had written. His power of abstraction was great. With admirable agility he could transfer, in a moment, his whole mind from one subject to another. From the dry drudgery of bills and business-papers he could turn instantly to the composition of an essay or a sermon, and write with rapid ease, unhindered by surrounding conversation or music, unvexed by interruptions. A certain mental restlessness rendered that necessary interchange of business and study, which would have fretted most literary men, a positive advantage to him. Ever eager to see and hear, he liked first impressions; he would never dwell more than ten minutes together on the same scene or picture. When no interruption came from without, he would make one; and presently return to his desk, enlivened by a turn in the garden, by play with a child, or attention to some domestic concern. In fact, his capacity for business and for letters was alike extraordinary. He could plod and plan, scrutinize and calculate, as though he had never in his life conceived a fancy, said a good thing, or written a wise one. When made, at last, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, how did he electrify the officers of the Chapter! He was the impersonation of Administrative Re-

form. Here was a man who would not run in the routine groove—who would take nothing for granted—who would sleepily confide in no person merely because it had been usual to trust him with everything—who insisted on examining everything and everybody for himself—who taxed the bills (the wretch!)—who somehow had come to know, as well as the builders (the monster!), all about putty, white lead, and Portland stone. Would that we had more such men to manage all our affairs, secular and religious, men brave and true enough to sacrifice peace at first for purity and safety afterwards. "I find traces of him," says his old friend the Dean of St. Paul's, "in every particular of Chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship."

But we anticipate his history. In 1828, Lord Lyndhurst courageously offered him a stall vacant at Bristol. Thither he repaired, not to a larger, but a more secure source of income; and, on the 5th of November, preached a sermon before the mayor and corporation so intolerably tolerant, that they "could scarcely keep the turtle on their stomachs." The kindness of Lord Lyndhurst enabled him to exchange Foston for the beautifully-situated living of Combe Florey, near Taunton.

And now, in the ebb and flow of politics, the Whigs come into power. Lord Melbourne expressed his regret in after years that he had not made Sydney Smith a bishop. Considering, not the ideal, but the actual, Church of England, never had man better claim. He had fought on the Liberal side, when every blow he struck demolished a hope of preferment. He had stood alone in his profession, aiding with his pen the Whig cause, as not another man in England could, when Whiggism was outcast and empty-handed. A bishopric, he was well aware, would not have increased his happiness—it would have been refused if offered; but whether such return came or not, his heart was no less true to the cause he had embraced. It was not for place that he had wrought and endured so much. But at all events Lord Grey will appoint him to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's; some years after, his brother leaves him his property; and behold him in easy circumstances for the rest of his days. In his first letter to Archdeacon Singleton, he is provoked to sum up his receipts from the Establishment as follows:—

You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown churchman; be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now, I have had my full share of the blanks

in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the church; then 50*l.* per annum for two years; then nothing for ten years; then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period I had built a parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A lawyer or a physician, in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity.

Let sanguine mediocrity, seeking refuge in the Church of England from Dissent, consider this career. Grievous are the blanks indeed, and sure, to unpatronized independence of thought. It is said that under popular church government, the minister of religion dares not speak according to his convictions. What heroism was requisite in Sydney Smith to avow his! O Neophyte! about to enter holy orders for respectability's sake and the morsel of bread, learn thy first lesson from the sagacious Canon of St. Paul's. He tells you: "What bishops like to see, in the inferior clergy, is a dropping-down-deadness of manner." Go! buy thee a full-length mirror, and practise it all day long!

Now, reader, we ring the bell and order you refreshments: here are some fragments of Smith's conversation:—

"It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner." "Oh! I see you are afraid of me," (turning to a young lady who sat by him) "you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

"Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen?"

"Yes! you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence."

"There is a New Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6*s.* 8*d.* tattooed all over his face."

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend, —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

"When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors."

"At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. "He may be a great poet," said my father, "but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler,—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was. For instance," (turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs.

Marcet), "you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider?—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should forever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence." "And what, would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?" said a young mother. "Why, you should forever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?"

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud, that for some minutes I lose sight of my congregation."

"Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, ma'am!' I said, 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding."—Vol. i. p. 266.

Lady Holland has summoned to the witness-box some of those best qualified to testify, who with one voice aver, not only that grave truth was often couched in Sydney's wildest witticisms, so that taste and principle always redeemed them from buffoonery, but that many who best knew him admired his wisdom even more than his wit. "His reputation," says an accomplished lady, "has been much founded on his power of entertaining, which are very great, indeed unrivalled; yet I prefer his serious conversation." Mrs. Austin went to hear him, "with some misgivings," she says, "as to the effect which the well-known face and voice, ever associated with wit and mirth, might have upon me, even in the sacred place. Never were misgivings more quickly and more entirely dissipated. The moment he appeared in the pulpit, all the weight of his duty, all the authority of his office, were written on his countenance; and without a particle of affectation (of which he was incapable) his whole demeanor bespoke the gravity of his purpose." More than once had he the satisfaction of receiving letters of gratitude, assuring him that his preaching had not been in vain, and had stopped the writer

in a course of guilt and dissipation. "The expression of my father's face," says Lady Holland, "when at rest, was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life; but when he found (as we sometimes do) a passage that bore the stamp of *immortality*, his countenance in an instant changed, and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action, struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it." In the family circle he would give expression at times to thoughtful religious feeling; but, with a taste so sensitive, and a dislike of conventional religious phrases so strong as his, we should be strangely wanting in charity were we to suppose that solemn thoughts were not more frequent with him than solemn words.

"When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellences which command attention and respect.

"Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

"Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.

"Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that *he has done his best*!

"Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope; why do they not dare to hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.

"The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your weak points on any subject and mastering them.

"True, it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others: but it is a mistake to complain of it: for it is of no use: you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.

"I destroy, on principle, all letters to me, but I have no secrets myself. I should not care if almost every word I have written were published at Charing Cross. I live with open windows.

"Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.

"Oh! I am happy to see all who will visit me; I have lived twenty years in the country, and have never met a bore."

The wit of Sydney Smith was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity. Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for anything slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden haired Pyrrha, is always *simplex munditiis*. The brilliance of his conversation owned none of its fire to the glass. A thimbleful of wine destroyed his understanding, he said, and made him forget the number of the Muses. He sings the praises of water in a style that will make the floods in all teetotal stomachs to clap their hands. Far other the sparkling faculty of another wit, hectic from the ruddy wine, effervescent with champagne—poor Theodore Hook—the victim of the convivial cruelties of the great, mercilessly dined to death. Some of the happiest jests of Smith were ecclesiastical. But such sallies were too professional to be profane. They seemed to rebound upon himself, or they played about his order; they certainly scorched nothing. If there was satire in them, it was directed only at hypocrisy or corruption. If he could lightly touch the terrene and external part of religion—its secularized institutions—its drowsy dignitaries; he paid lowliest obeisance (wherever he could discern it) to its heavenly spirit. He could play with the tassel of his cushion; never with the leaves of his Bible. Assuredly, of no other wit could this be said, that many persons felt flattered rather than otherwise, when singled out by him as the objects of a conversational attack. How genial and frolicsome must that railery have been, —irradiating, never scathing,—summer lighting, indeed,—always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride—something that could be offered up—at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch, or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares contributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain—never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible and universal laugh. When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord Dudley said to him, 'You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid.' He remarks, "This, I confess, pleased me." Doubtless:—rare heart and head!

A wit—and yet more beloved than feared!

In attempting a summary of the characteristics belonging to such a nature, the first place

is due to that piercing sagacity for which he was so remarkable,—that combination of moral qualities with intellectual acuteness which constitutes practical wisdom. His first object is to clear away encumbrances,—to make “a naked circle” about the matter in dispute, so that there may be a clear view of it from every side. He goes at once to the core, never mistaking adjuncts for essentials, never deceived by fine phrases, by conventional solemnities or sentimentalities. “We must get down at once,” he cries, “to the solid rock, without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above.” On the American rivers, the great logs floated down get jammed up here and there;—a man must be let down by a rope from the overhanging trees,—find, if he can, the timber which is a kind of keystone and stops the rest—detach it—he pulled up in a twinkling—and away dash the giant trunks, shooting headlong, helter-skelter, down the stream. This delicate and perilous office Sydney Smith discharged for the dead-locked questions of his day. His treatment of a half-smothered, obfuscated topic never fails to clear and freshen it for all who come after him;—it is refreshing as a shower on dusty leaves, which not only gives them moisture at the time, but, by washing clean the clogged stomata, fits the innumerable mouths on every spray for drinking in their future nourishment from the surrounding air. He drives a slippery antagonist to his last wriggle,—a pompous and windy one to his last gasp—by insisting on their saying what they mean. Whether in extracting the terror from a term meant for a bugbear, or the hue from a term designed as a cosmetic, his consummate logic is equally admirable. The rhetorician finds that this color-box is gone; the polemic, with linstock lighted, that his powder has been damped. Sydney Smith has conquered by rendering useless weapons which had been redoubtable till he appeared. He need not himself launch a single envenomed personality, or point one deep-throated railing accusation. Those familiar with his writings will remember instances of such high service in the searching examination he institutes into the use and misuse of words like “pedantic,” “simplicity,” “speculative,” “conscience,” and many more.

Of course, to such a man, all mere party cries, specious generalities, clerical flunkeyism, official cant, and owl-faced common-places, must ever be abominable. “Upon religion and morals,” he writes, “depends the happiness of mankind; but the fortune of knaves and the power of fools is sometimes made to rest on the same apparent basis; and we will never (if we can help it) allow a rogue to get rich, or a blockhead to get powerful, under the sanction of these awful words.” He tells

brother Abraham, with perfect truth, “If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortunes upon their ruin.” To a clerical opponent, who accused him of want of piety, he replies:—

Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life: the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these,—if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.”—*Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 252.

It must have been a shock indeed to every churchman who had made an adored poetical abstraction of the Church to see all the sanctimonious obscurity and lullaby laudation with which he had surrounded his idol dissipated or ignored,—to be reminded that the discrepancy and contention which would be disgraceful and pernicious in worldly affairs, should, in common prudence, be avoided in the affairs of religion,—to hear plain facts simply stated by a man who could retain possession of his faculties in the presence of a bishop,—verily the Knight of La Mancha in the cave of Montesinos could not have been more amazed when his Dulcinea sent to borrow six reals on her new dimity petticoat. “I have but one illusion left,” said Sydney in his mellow age, “and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury.” Alas! that too must be lost by this time to many of his readers, and a wicked world has ceased to put its trust even in archbishops!

The power of Sydney Smith as a light-diffuser and fallacy-detector on the grand scale was rendered the more formidable by a comprehensiveness not inferior to his discrimination—by his moderation and self-control. He never overstates his case. The argument once demolished, he does not vindictively pursue its unhappy parent. He does not take it for granted that every advocate of what is cruel or unjust must of necessity be a brute or a rogue. It is his habit to pause, even in full career, and make due allowance on every opportunity for the influence of education, of position, of routine. He never employs his perfect mastery of language—like the powders applied to dahlia-roots and hyacinths—to change the natural hue of the facts as they grow, and give to the resultant product an

artificial coloring. Practical as he is, he is no cold-blooded utilitarian. Such men he ridicules as ligneous creatures, from whom, when bored with a gimlet, sawdust must come forth. His early days were unheated by the revolutionary fervor that kindled the contemporary youth of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; nor did his age, like theirs, forsake the liberal cause. His facts were as carefully examined and set forth — his arguments as guarded and as complete, as though his only hope had lain in diligence and logic. His witty illustration hides no weak places — it is the crest of his helmeted argument — the mere pennon of his spear. The sword of this Taillefer does not deal blows less deadly because he rides out before the battle-front, tossing it in the air and catching it. So full of life is he, that when he has hewn his thoughts into serviceable shape for his purpose, they sprout forth presently into unlooked-for arborescent fancies, — are vivacious as the acacia wood, which, planed into a door-post, has been known to root again and shoot out budding boughs above the threshold. He can diverge as wondrously from the established treatment of a subject as doth the tower of Pisa from the perpendicular, yet never fall; — nay, as that tower may safely ring its peal of bells in an attitude menacing instant prostration, so can his strange faculty disport itself at will in posture the most hazardous, and peril no gravity save that belonging to his readers. Such ease and self-possession belong only to great strength. Great as might be the ardor with which he would defend a good thing or assail a bad one, vehemence never made him forget that there were other good things and other bad beside the one in question. He did not imagine that the universe hung on the particular controversy with which he might be at any time occupied; he kept his material in its place; he had no hobby; he was guiltless of a panacea.

His judgment of mankind was healthy, neither Utopian nor cynical. Unlike the Sultan Mahmoud, who, smiting the Indian idol with his mace, saw gush forth therefrom an incredible quantity of pearls and precious stones, Sydney Smith found image-breaking anything but lucrative. But neglect and misrepresentation could not sour him. He was content to take men as we find them. If the highest motive moved them not, he thought it no shame to appeal to a lower. The skilful mariner must know not merely how a ship *might* be worked in a storm, but what the particular craft he has to manage can be brought to do — how she will "behave," as they say, in a certain crisis. This was the kind of knowledge by which he set most store in the management of men. He never enjoyed for its own sake the excitement of

striving with his fellows. Some men, plunged into controversy, acquire fresh heat and life, — as fire-flies are said to regain their fading lustre on being immersed in hot water. Such a man was Priestley; such was not Sydney Smith. Some worthy cause must be at stake before he will vex his soul with contention. How strongly does his dignified forbearance and large-hearted love contrast with the savage Berserker fury of Swift, or the malign grin of Voltaire — to whom Ridicule and Sarcasm were Castor and Pollux, sole guiding stars across the frothy, melancholy sea of life.

Yet there was one phase of our common nature which presented to Sydney Smith a riddle he could not read. Into the heights and depths of our spiritual being he seems never to have searched. A religious enthusiast was to him a strange and incomprehensible a creature as an ornithorynchus paradoxus. If he sees a man profoundly oppressed by the sense of guilt, he straightway imagines him a poor dyspeptic wretch, who thinks to please God by tears and groans. He is right when he says that God is love; but how strangely wanting in discernment when he fails to see that it is this very love which deepens to such poignancy the consciousness of ingratitude. Faith appears to be understood by him in the mere ecclesiastical rather than in the scriptural sense — as the opinion of the seen, more than the power of the unseen world. He is right when he insists on the necessity of practical preaching, of searching exhortation to the moralities of daily life, but grievously in error when he looks for genuine success apart from the motives set forth in the gospel, and the regenerating influence of the Spirit of God. What measure of such truth he himself may finally have come to hold we know not: far be it from us to judge him.

The complaint we urge is simply this; — not that he was not religious just in our fashion, but that he denied sincerity or common sense to great numbers who were not religious in his. His injustice to evangelical religion is notorious. In contact with that hated thing, his love of mercy and of justice vanishes — his nobler self is gone, and he is Sydney Smith no more. True, he would persecute neither Methodist nor Catholic; but his charity and candor are pushed to the utmost for the one, his scorn and abhorrence are concentrated on the other. He is eager to believe that every evangelical cobbler deems it glorious to lie for the tabernacle. He can scarcely be persuaded that a Papist will deem it glorious to lie for the church. He is indignant at the power of illiterate preachers over the common people. He forgets how the order of Francis has preyed upon the mob, how the order of Dominic has hounded them on. The bad taste of Methodism disgusts

him. A little reading among the works of some of those whom Rome delights to honor—the visions and meditations of some illustrious saints—the foul-mouthed utterances of the French preachers of the League, would have revealed to him sanctified puerilities, holy profanities, delirious obscenities, blood-thirsty blasphemies, in comparison with which the maddest rant of an American camp-meeting is seemliness, sobriety, and sense.

As to the good taste of much that Smith saw fit to quote from the public organs and private journals of the evangelical party, we have not a word of apology to offer. With many passages citation is condemnation, and they convict themselves without a stroke from the satirist. But the sin of the assailant lay in resolving to believe, and to make others believe, that the religionists assailed were made up only of superstition and austerity—if sincere, all grimness—if hollow, all grimace—frantic with a heady proselytism, or greedy with a low-minded cunning.

To his attack on Indian missions every succeeding year brought in, and is to bring, fresh refutation. But for missionary effort Sutteeism would still have been allowed, Indian priestcraft petted, and the wheel of Juggernaut shoved onwards by the shoulder of the Honorable East India Company. He makes the difficulties encountered by missionaries his great argument against missions. Those difficulties had been largely created by the godless gainfulness which lived only to shake the pagoda-tree and gorge. Their existence only showed that brave and devoted hearts had not stirred them too soon. Quite otherwise did Sydney reason concerning the obstacles in the way of improvement among ourselves. The champion of reform in England abominates the reformers of India; and the chastiser of episcopalian Brahmins at home is the apologist of an idolatrous priesthood abroad. The reiterated publication of the article on Missions is far less excusable than its production at the first. It was not like Sydney Smith to persist against accumulating facts—to refuse to allow himself mistaken. If he had spoken a hasty word to any one in his employ, he could never be easy in his mind till, with manful kindness, he had in some way acknowledged his fault, and healed the wound. But an evangelical dissenter was beyond the pale of courtesy or justice. Lady Holland tells us: "Some one speaking of missions ridiculed them as inefficient. He dissented, saying that, 'Though all was not done that was projected, or even boasted of, yet that much good resulted; and that wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization in its train, and men became better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything. There is his own good sense here;

many reputed conversions are very questionable; many Indians have been made bad Hindoos without being made good Christians; much is still to do; but the collateral benefits of Christianity alone are an incalculable gain—underrated too often by religious impatience, eager for flattering reports. His views had evidently undergone modification; we are glad to give publicity to the change; we could wish that he himself had done so.

The position of Sydney Smith in the Church of England it is not difficult to understand. In his view, that institution meant "a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change." He was grieved to see it near "dying of dignity," but such he knew was the chronic disorder of all establishments. The practical energetic preaching, the activity, the education he advocated, were, alas! only to be found among the evangelicals he denounced. The Puseyite attempt at revival by priestcraft, sacraments, and wax-chandlery, was quite as little to his taste. He has much reverence for principles, little for dignities. For the life of him he cannot say of his bishop, as Cob of Bobadill, "I do honor the very flea of his dog." To every clergyman, duly sensible of the proprieties, the very sneeze of a bishop should be like the sternutation of the King of Monopotama, which is greeted by shouts in the ante-chamber, shouts in the palace-yard, shouts in the city-streets,—announced and reverberated by a thousand loyal voices; but bold recusant Sydney Smith can watch, *rectis oculis*—without awe, and without response—the convulsion of an episcopal proboscis! This provoking Spartan calls a spade a spade, and shockingly discourses of the Church as indeed it is. They accuse him of desecrating holy things. He answers as England did to Ireland in one of our old wars. The Irish had laid up their corn in a church, hoping that the sanctity of the building would preserve their stores. The English replied that the sacrilege lay with the enemy, in converting the holy place to such a purpose; and removed the grain as coolly as if the sanctuary had been a barn.

Sydney Smith maintains that, as there is no adequate payment for the many in the Church, there must be prizes for the few. His letters to Archdeacon Singleton are unanswerable exposures of a fallacious and unjust attempt at reform, by which the strong ecclesiastics would have pilfered from the weak, without appeasing after all the popular dissatisfaction. Most of his ecclesiastical opponents conveniently identified the pious and the comfortable. To disturb an abuse was to assail religion.

Has not Sancho the most religious objection to being drawn into discussion when guzzling among Camacho's flesh-pots? "Good, your worship," cries he, "judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears and valors; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbors; and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world."

A most felicitous allusion exhibits in a sentence the effect of his plain-speaking. "When an argument taken from real life and the actual condition of the world is brought among the shadowy discussions of ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits. *Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis.*" Sydney Smith will not cloak the matter; he acknowledges that the great majority who enter the Church do so having in view the good things which that Church may bestow. Yet every one so entering professes that he is moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. The bait must be there, he contends, or capital would not flow into the establishment. But what becomes of the vows upon the threshold? Hapless dilemma!—what, indeed!

He judged of the Romish priesthood very much by himself. He imagined them scarcely more likely to violate truth, humanity, or justice for their church, than would he for his. They had come down in the world, and he pitied them. They seemed to him the feeble shadow of a bye-gone terror. They resembled in his eyes the player in the *Spectator*, who complains so bitterly that, having once done the thunder, he is now reduced to act the ghost. They had suffered adversity, and he trusted they were the better for it. The service he rendered them was a righteous one and brave, however unworthy and incurable the subjects of the benefit. With scepticism, on the other side, he was never disposed to tamper for a moment. The irreligious spirit of the *Edinburgh* awakened his grave displeasure, and drew forth strong remonstrances to Jeffrey.

As a master of English, Sydney Smith may take his place upon the highest seat. A better model of style it would be difficult to propose,—partly from his intrinsic excellence,—partly because the absence of mannerism renders mere imitation impossible. Two comprehensive attributes may suffice to characterize his composition—Simplicity and Wit.

It is too common to confound simplicity with baldness, and to challenge its excellence accordingly. A simple style must be transparent, idiomatic, natural. Let these qualities be preserved, and a playful humor, or a rich fancy will never detract from its simplicity.

The soil need not be barren, but the flowers must be spontaneous. No brushes and powders, no wires, wax, or gauze, must litter the study table—materials for an artificial flora. No pedantic theory must play the martinet with the common rank and file of speech, or drum out the attention of the reader and the thoughts of the writer in a monotonous roll of periods.

Sydney Smith thought with clearness, and therefore expressed himself clearly. We cannot believe that any man fairly understands his own meaning who is unable to convey it to the tolerably educated mind about him. The banks and shoals of the sea are the ordinary resting-place of fogs. It is so with thought and language—the cloud surely indicates the shallow. The literary criticisms of Smith betray his impatience of all artifice. He is aggrieved by the scholastic grandiosities of Parr; he exposes the pompous egotism of Rose; he rebukes, though gently, the apostrophes of Waterton. His allusions and illustrations are never too refined or recondite; requiring in the reader some unusual knowledge or peculiar point of mental view, and therefore meaningless to the many as a signal flag seen edgewise. His style acquires force as well as clearness from his Teniers-like finish and minuteness of detail—his constant preference of the concrete to the abstract. There is no question about his outline—no drapery conceals drawing careless or untrue—there are no figures half visible through mist. He is like the man of whom the Italian said, that he always spoke *in relief* (*parlava sempre scolpito.*) Wherever he can make a generality special by adducing names, places, tangible objects, he always does so. If such features are not at hand, he invents them. Thus, speaking of the Bishop of Peterborough's questions, he says, "By this new system of interrogation, a man may be admitted into orders at Barnet, rejected at Stevenage, re-admitted a Brogden, kicked out as a Calvinist at Witham Common, and hailed as an ardent Arminian on his arrival at York." On the same principle we meet by the way with an enumeration like the following—"Few men consider the historical view which will be taken of present events. The bubbles of last year; the fishing for half-crowns in Vigo Bay; the Milk, Muffin, and Crumpet Companies; the Apple, Pear, and Plum Associations; the National Gooseberry and Currant Company—will all be remembered as instances of that partial madness to which society is occasionally exposed," etc. Similarly, in the speech on the Reform Bill, the stewards and country gentlemen acquire a grotesque individuality in the fortunes of Messrs. Vellum and Plumpkin. His habit of recapitulation at the close of an article greatly intensifies

the impression of the whole. In this way he not only provides against any possible misconception as to his object, but sends away the reader with a telling summary of fact and argument ringing in his ears. Thus the whole of the fallacies exposed in the article on Bentham, are gathered together at last in the Noodle's oration. In like manner, at the end of a masterly paper on the Catholic question, he winds up with a succession of spirited addresses to the several classes interested—to the No-Popery Fool—to the No-Popery Rogue—to the Honest No-Popery People—to the Catholics, etc. The final page of the paper on Female Education is an epitome of the whole, remarkable for vigorous compression. An article on America is concluded by a collection of antitheses, concentrating in a paragraph the vast advantages and little inconveniences of which that land of anomalies is made up. The ease and self-possession resulting from the consciousness of strength, preserved his simplicity inviolate, whatever might be his anxiety, his eagerness, his indignation. His steed of the pen, as the Orientals would say, never perspires. No other man has ever despatched so many questions in one irresistible immortal sentence. He will kick out the life of a time-honored sophism by a single foot-note. His parenthesis is terrible—a mere tap on the ear in passing, that smites like the sail of a wind-mill.

Barrow's celebrated enumeration of the varieties of wit might be completely illustrated with first-rate specimens from the writings of Sidney Smith alone. We have not another writer in our language who has united to a wit and humor so exuberant and multiform a treatment of his subject so comprehensive, so conscientious, so philosophical—not another with like measure of the perilous faculty, so completely preserved by heart and taste and judgment from ever injuring others by malice, or himself by folly.

Space would fail us to specify the many kinds of facetiousness with which his style abounds. The humorists have always claimed the privilege of word-coining, and the royal exercise of this prerogative distinguishes, while it never disfigures, the language of Sydney Smith. This kind of originality lies on the surface, and is the first to strike every eye. Sometimes he fashions strange compounds from the homely Saxon idiom; sometimes he devises bigwig classical epithets, devised with scholarlike precision, comic from their formal gravity, so dexterously misplaced. Thus he speaks of a "lexicon-struck" boy, of "Malthus-proof" young people, of "persecution-fanciers," of "wife and daughter bishops," of "butler bishops," even of "cook and house-keeper bishops;" he describes a measure as rejected "with Percivalism and contempt;"

and he enriches our mother-tongue with that serviceable hybrid "Foolometer." So when, in the academic vein, he laughs at pedants with sesquipedal words of his own, he will talk of "frugivorous children," and of mastigophorous schoolmasters;" of "amorphous hats;" of "fugacious" or "plumigerous captains;" of "lachrymal and suspicious clergymen;" of some people who are "simious," and others who are "anserous;" he holds up, as "the Anglophagi," the placemen who prey upon the country; and designates our September sins by the awful name of "perdricide."

A mind of such happy vivacity will, of course, make the simile and the metaphor the frequent vehicles of fun, of satire, sometimes even of argument—fine and sharp as the Italian's "dagger hid in a hair." For example:—"Men of very small incomes, be it known to his Lordship, have often very acute feelings; and a curate trod on feels a pang as great as when a bishop is refuted." Thus again:—"To be intolerably strict and harsh to a poor curate, who is trying to earn a morsel of hard bread, and then to complain of the drudgery of reading his answers, is much like knocking a man down with a bludgeon, and then abusing him for splashing you with his blood, and pestering you with his groans. It is quite monstrous that a man who inflicts eighty-seven new questions in theology upon his fellow-creatures, should talk of the drudgery of reading their answers."

Of the pun—that Pariah among the jests—Sydney Smith furnishes but few examples; and those with scarcely an exception, classical.

His mock-heroics are numerous, and all good. Take this sly hit, *en passant*, at the pompous Latinized style: not only are Church, King, and State allured by this principle of vicarious labor: but the pot-boy has a lower pot-boy, who, for a small portion of the small gains of his principal, arranges, with inexhaustible sedulity, the subdivided portions of drink, and, intensely perspiring, disperses, in bright pewter, the frothy elements of joy." Who has not been convulsed by reading Peter Plymley's flatulent description of the scheme for subduing the French by stopping their medicinal supplies? "What a sublime thought—that no purge can be taken between the Weser and the Garonne—that the busting pestle is still—the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude!"

A species of wit to which Sydney Smith is much addicted, we must call the Particularization of the Hyperbole. When putting something impossible, or imagining something extravagant, he generally contrives to give it, by a sudden turn, a peculiar adaptation to the case in hand. For instance, speaking of Mrs. Trimmer, the well-known writer of children's

books, he does not simply say that he knows she would on no account wittingly have done such injustice to Mr. Lancaster; but, "if she had been aware of the extent of the mischief she was doing, she would have tossed the manuscript spelling-book in which she was engaged into the fire, rather than have done it." Thus, again, any one might write: "Nothing can persuade me that the antiquated superstitions of Rome are likely to resume their empire over the mind of this country." What force and freshness does our wit give to the same thought—how he makes it flash and attract all eyes by expressing it in this way:—"Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do, each of them, a mean and dishonorable action; that anybody who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible; but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery."

A remarkable feature in the satire of Sydney Smith is the way in which it is wrought in his argument, description, or narrative. It diffuses itself through his style like an atmosphere. The touches are slight and incidental, as though he could not help it—he has not to stop or go out of his road for the purpose. Thomas Fuller often embroiders his history with sarcastic touches and humorous allusions; they fringe a sentence, or they slash it by a parenthesis; they glitter on it, or they wind, like a button or a braid,—but with Sydney Smith this vein of wit is as it were *shot* into the fabric—it glances at every movement in the texture itself. In this respect he bears some resemblance to Thackeray, whose satire, and whose kindness too, will come out in the most ordinary passages of a story—in the narration of the commonest incidents,—showing that this humor is no mere decoration of the structure he builds, but, in a manner, the very seasoning of its rafters. Sydney Smith and Thackeray are akin, too, in the tendency of their genius to confine itself to man and his interests. Dickens, in whom the poetical development is larger, has more sentiment and discursiveness. He will invest natural objects with character—informs with life scenery, buildings, and very furniture. The supernatural and the mysterious steal in among the oddities and the prose of our wondrous daily life. The strange sights of foreign lands suggest to Sydney Smith not poetical or spiritual analogies, but political or ecclesiastical ones—some reality in the actual world at hand.

And these very suggestions furnish illustration of the way in which he scatters satire as he goes, instinctively, almost unawares. Thus he reads in the old travels of Brocquiere that the Christians at Damascus are locked up every night—"as they are (he remarks) in English workhouses, night and day, when they happen to be poor." This is his reflection on being informed of the astonishing power of the tolling note uttered by the South-American campanero:—"The campanero may be heard three miles—this little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family!" A description of the sloth sends his ideas home at once to his profession: "This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop." The boa constrictor reminds him, naturally enough, of the Court of Chancery.

How rapid and how keen are strokes like the following—the mere sparkle of his oars as they dash onwards: "To buy a partridge (though still considered as inferior to murder) was visited with the very heaviest infliction of the law," etc.—Even ministers (whom nothing pesters so much as the interests of humanity) are at last compelled to come forward," etc. "We curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the empty satisfaction of Mr. Percival's head."—"Crying out like a school-boy or a chaplain," etc. "The sixth commandment is suspended, by one medical diploma, from the north of England to the south." "If a man finds a partridge upon his ground eating his corn in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it, even if his father is not a Doctor of Divinity." "A good novel is a book which makes you impatient of contradiction and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman, lately from the Pyramids, or the Upper Cataracts, is let loose upon the drawing-room."

That brevity is the soul of wit is an aphorism which, like many other proverbial sayings, conveys but half the truth. It is the province of wit not merely to utter the happy saying which is born and complete upon the instant, but also to pursue and idea with inexpressible nimbleness of thought, through roving, and windings, and transformations numberless, long after apprehensions less brisk and agile have dropped it in exhaustion. The chase is marvellous as the conflicts of geni in *The Arabian Nights*, where the fugitive spirit transforms himself, quick as thought, into hare, or worm; or minnow; and the pursuer as swiftly hurries after in shape of hound; or bird, or pike. How long and fondly does the wit

of Shakspeare buzz and hover about Bar-dolph's red nose; that volcanic promontory threatens to coruscate for ever; he scarce knows how to let it go. Sydney Smith is a mighty hunter of fancies in his way too; sometimes in wild fun; sometimes in earnest—that he may develop all the intrinsic absurdity of some notion which he combats. At one time he will stop and draw an imaginary picture; at another he will enter with grave irony into an arithmetical calculation. These methods are favorite weapons with Swift; but Smith is his equal in piquancy and force, and far superior in refinement both of thought and expression. Swift wields the quarter-staff; Smith draws a rapier.

A whole gallery full of pictures might be collected from his works, full of figures and of scenery selected or imagined with exquisite skill, and every touch and adjunct helping the designed effect of ridicule. Take only one, where he runs riot on the imagination of England invaded, laughably heaping together the most incongruous incidents, and pursuing his argument all the while. "Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate." There are besides the pictures of the bishops at their pay-table (*Works*, iii. p. 230); of the ludicrous effects of an intimation by Lord John (p. 227); of the agonized scrivener who took the archbishop's oath for him (p. 222); of the ambitious baker and young Crumpet (p. 215); of the clergyman ideal and the clergyman actual (p. 250), a very striking pair; and all these are hung together in the apartment, yeclipt "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton;" go, reader, and gaze upon these works of art, spirit-stirring, laughter-moving, rare as Sir Toby's catch that would "draw three souls out of one weaver!"

"Ah, Mr. Smith!" said a Romish dignitary one day, "you have such a way of putting things!" He had received a home-thrust. Among other "ways," the Canon had a habit of making speeches for his adversaries whereby they are sorely discomfited. He does so (with aggravating truthfulness) for the justice, when pleading on behalf of untried prisoners; he delivers a legal opinion in the person of a fifth judge in the article on man-traps and spring-guns; and he annihilates Noodle by making him open his mouth.

But beyond this legitimate exercise of the dramatic faculty there is the parable or apologue, in which the humor of Smith is unrivalled. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *History of John Bull* are allegorical caricatures of great power. The satire consists in reducing party characteristics to domestic personalities; in representing the dignified procedure of war, diplomacy, and government, under the homely mask of squabbles between relatives and neighbors—the husband and the wife—the master and the servant. The idea is excellent, but the execution coarse, even for those days. Such indirectness should not be protracted. The *History of John Bull* is sustained too long, and though frequently redeemed by most felicitous invention, grows rather tiresome by requiring reference to the key at every turn. The satiric fictions of Smith are always pertinent, brief, and delicate in their handling. The story of Mrs. Partington—the convenient passage from the *Dutch Chronicle* about the Synod of Dort—the fables concerning the physician and the apothecary in the reform speeches—and the account of the dinner which opens the sixth of *Peter Plymley's Letters*—are well-known specimens.

The difference is remarkable between the humor of Smith and of Charles Lamb, simple and genial as they both are. Smith is excellent at putting together a principal or a policy in a person—an adept at the representative, concentrative process. Lamb is most fond of taking a person to pieces and unfolding a character—a great master of the explicative art. How he peeps under the foibles and oddities to look at the heart—lovingly dilates upon them—draws us near to strange bits of humanity, and holding a hand of each, makes us friends forever! Smith does great service in bringing down to the common level some highflying pretence or title that gives itself airs, and claims to sit apart. Lamb does a service peculiar to himself in bringing some forlorn eccentricity up to the level of our ordinary sympathies.—Lamb is subjective, individual—a man dreamy, whimsical, and unpractical. Smith moves in the stream of affairs, and has always work in hand. He is too intent on producing conviction to have time for the erratic quaintnesses and leisurely delights of Lamb's meditative fancy. For the same reason, and for higher yet, he can never descend to the tricks and starts, the *coups de théâtre*, the utter ribald nonsense, which offend us in Sterne. The very structure of the sentences marks the contrast—the rapid flow of Smith's, the shortness and slight connection of Lamb's, as though deliberately uttered at intervals, in monologue, between the whiffs of the musing pipe. Sydney Smith all minds, in their order, will more or less appreciate; the common prosaic temperament gets

out of patience with Lamb, and thinks him childish. Observe how the two speak of the rising convict-colony of Sydney. Lamb writes to his friend at the antipodes, "What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. The kangaroos—your aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by Nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *à priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-moter in the colony. . . . Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists." Sydney Smith expresses his fears that, in spite of the example of America, this country will attempt to retain the colony under harsh guardianship after it has come to years of discretion. If so, "endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled."

In conclusion, we must repeat our protest against the mistake which regards wit as the principal endowment of that powerful and noble nature—against that popular error which persists in associating brilliance with reckless

superficiality. With justice has Sterne entitled this narrow and vulgar notion the *Magna Charta* of stupidity and dulness. An illustration, he says, is not an argument—of course not—"nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism—but you all, your worships, may see the better for it." Let that keen and massive intellect have due honor—and yet more, that brave, and tender and self-sacrificing heart. Let Sydney Smith be remembered as a man who fought in the van of reform, when reform was accounted infamous; who to his own sore loss, in a profession sadly eminent for servility and prejudice, stood forth against gigantic wrongs, and helped our country to its present home prosperity; who would put out the same energy in saving a poor village lad which he lent to aid a nation's cause; to whom vanity was a strange thing, and envy a thing impossible; and who used his dangerous and dazzling gifts never to adorn a falsehood or insult the fallen, always to crown truth with glory and to fill the oppressed with hope. With prophetic insight, he could discern, in humane solution of the problems of the present, the established axioms of a better future,—could be sure that the novel superstructure of to-day would become the venerated foundation of to-morrow; and to the life he lived and the cause he advocated may be applied, with fullest justice, those wise words which Tacitus has placed in the mouth of Claudius:—*Inveterasce hoc quoque : et quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit.*

WOULD YOU ?

BANX crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee,"
Would you think it wasn't pretty!
Tell me, could you!
If you owned "the baby," would you ?
Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby;
Wants some cash to make a "spec,"
And you would refuse her—may-be—
Could you ? should you ?
If you owned "the woman," would you ?
Little labor, little strife,
Little care, and little cot;
Would you sigh for single life ?
Would you murmur at your lot ?
Tell me, should you ?
If you owned "the cottage," would you ?
Health and comforts, children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,

Fond hearts throbbing for you there,
Tell me, would you ask for more ?
Should you ? could you ?
If you owned "the ready," would you ?

TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Ours had been wondrous days, when truths sublime
Had risen on the world, and human skill,
Schooled in an interval of peaceful time,
Had learnt man's fondest visions to fulfil,
And brought an age millennial—until
The horrid din and battle rage of war,
With shouts that all but drown the orphan's wail,
Smote on the ear with strange, unwelcome jar,
And told that terror must awhile prevail;
Yet through the storm, thy name, fair Nightingale,
Gleams like the bow that riseth on the cloud.
For there is hope in thy unselfish love,
As once the sacred leaf of olive, showed
A world's bright hopes, entrusted to a dove.
New Monthly Magazine.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

By one of those peculiar coincidences which so often form an auspicious prelude to the accomplishment of great enterprises, both the American and French presses are at this moment discussing the feasibility of the trans-Atlantic telegraph. We find in the department of a leading journal of Paris, *La Presse*, the following article upon the great enterprise contemplated, and which, if it succeed, will almost efface the recollection of all past achievements of practical science. In the translation we have not in every instance, reduced the figures of distance and weight to English, but this does not stand in the way of a clear understanding of the writer:—

Republican Journal.

An English and American company has been formed for the purpose of attempting the establishment of a telegraphic communication across the Atlantic ocean. Ever since the first success of the submarine telegraph,—since experiment has shown the admirable precision with which the submerged telegraphic cord is made the medium of communication,—the magnificent project of connecting the two hemispheres by an electric cable, has not ceased to occupy leading minds in England and America.

For a long time, to many minds, this enterprise has seemed beset with insurmountable obstacles. Admitting that there may be found on the basin of the Atlantic a crossing place where the depth of the water is not too great to admit the sinking and securing of the cable, how can there be expected a sufficiently long continuance of suitable weather; a calm sea, a cable of sufficient length and firmness, and means of transport sufficient for the purpose? And these obstacles overcome, is it to be hoped that electricity, sent out from the voltaic pile, will have power sufficient for the purpose contemplated, and at so immense a distance? Many learned men do not hesitate to respond negatively to these questions, and especially so far as relates to the latter point, that is to say, the possibility of preserving a powerful electrical current from one to the other side of the ocean. Such was, for example, the opinion of one of our doctors of the Institute, and one of the most learned of them. M. Babinet.

Notwithstanding, English enterprise and American enterprise, right or wrong, ordinarily pays but little attention to the opinions or fears of savans. In 1853 an American corps, under the direction of the navy department of the United States, and in national vessels, made the preliminary investigations with reference to the project. These investigations were under the personal direction of Lieut.

Maury, one of the most distinguished of the scientific men of America. The first labors of this savant, decided the first proposition, that as to the most favorable place in which to sink the cable. It was determined that the most feasible point that offered was from Ireland to New Foundland. At the end of the year 1853, Lieut. Berryman executed a series of soundings from New Foundland to the Irish coast. These hydrographic operations resulted in demonstrating that the establishment of the trans-Atlantic telegraph was possible, or at least, was not opposed by any material obstacles presented by the basin of the ocean.

From New Foundland to Ireland, the shortest distance is 2,575 kilometres,* and the basin of the sea between these two points is a sort of plateau, fitted to receive and preserve without damage, the telegraphic cord. It has sufficient depth, also, to preserve the wire from any disturbance by anchors, after it is once placed, as also from all icebergs and floating bodies; and at the same time it is not so deep as to prevent the sinking of the cable.

The depth of the ocean between New Foundland and Ireland, without any abrupt variations, is about 1,745 metres, (a metre is 37 1-3 English inches, (and at this depth the waters of the Atlantic are as calm as those of a lake, so that the wire once placed, will be secure from all causes of a rupture.

Whatever may be the agitations of the water on the surface, it affects the ocean only to a certain depth. This important fact has been arrived at by experiments very simple in themselves, but which give a striking illustration of the connection that exists between all facts in science, and which proves that the most insignificant observations, and those first remarked, often conduct to the most interesting inductions.

Examining with the microscope the *debris* brought from the bottom of the ocean by the sounding lead during the operations of Lieut. Berryman, Professor Bailey has discovered that these debris are only excessively small shell-fish, without any part of sand or gravel. Thus the professor remarks, if there existed at the bottom of the Atlantic where these soundings have been made, any currents susceptible and sufficient to disturb the cable, these currents would cause a deposit washed up from the bed of the sea, such as a muddy ooze, or grains of sand, and mingle these debris with the shell-fish. The absence of any presentation of that nature, shows that at this depth, the waters of the ocean are almost without motion.

Thus the first part of the problem is found to be advantageously solved, the problem that

* About 2000 miles.

relates to the obstacles to be anticipated from the ocean itself.

It remains to resolve other difficulties. So far as the length of the telegraphic wire is concerned, and the other obstacles than those to be found in the ocean itself, which stand in the way of the installation of the telegraph wire at the bottom of the ocean, facts known since the inception of this project are found to be of practical importance, and are of a nature to inspire much hopes.

The cable from Calais to Dover is 30 kilometres in length. It is formed, as is known, of four threads of copper, incased in a coating of gutta percha. These four threads form a sort of metallic cord, around which is still a fifth thread. This last is surrounded by two threads of galvanized iron, and composed of fractions soldered together, each piece being about 39 kilometres in length. The whole weight of the cable is 1,828,800 kilograms, or thereabout. (A kilogram is 15,434 grains.)

This cable was made in the short space of twenty days, by a machine invented by Mr. G. Fenuick, engineer of the forges at Leaham Harbor, Durham. With six such machines the trans-Atlantic cable could be made in six or seven months, at least.

We may add as a more recent demonstration still, that the submarine telegraph through the Black Sea, from Varna to the allied camp before Sebastopol, 150 leagues, (600 kilometres,) has been completed during the present month, (May,) and the whole matter presented no difficult point.

Perhaps the most difficult part of the whole matter, so far as arriving at any satisfactory conclusion is concerned, relates to the question as to the sending of the electric current over so long a wire. From Ireland to New Foundland is 3,575 kilometres. But known facts offer a hope of the solution of this problem. In fact, on the immense territory of the United States, telegraphic lines are operated for the distance of from 1,280 to 1,600 kilometres, that is, from 325 to 400 leagues. They have even succeeded in making signals by an electric current, on the uninterrupted line between Boston and Montreal, a distance of 2,414 kilometres. Indeed, the telegraph has been worked without any interruption, the whole length of the line between New York and New Orleans, by Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, a distance of 790 leagues, (3,164 kilometres.)

The difficulties of transporting the enormous mass of cable, the weight of which would be 121,800,000 kilograms, presents no insurmountable obstacle. For that purpose there would be required a sufficient number of ships to transport the whole in sections. Finally, it would not be impossible to find favorable weather for the submersion of the cable, since

there has been found a season propitious enough for the purpose of making the soundings and other delicate hydrographic examinations on the entire line.

All these facts, and all the investigations of which we have seen any account, have appeared sufficient, in England and America, to warrant the putting of this admirable project to a practical test. At the commencement of this year two companies, one English and the other American, associated themselves for this purpose.

The Trans-Atlantic-Submarine Telegraph Co. which is composed, as we know, of English and French capitalists, has concluded with the New York, New Foundland and London Telegraph (American) Company, a contract, by virtue of which the first engages to construct and place, at all risks and perils, a marine cord, to connect Ireland with St. Johns, New Foundland. The Cable is to be in its place before the 22d of January, 1858.

To connect the Trans-atlantic telegraph with the various United States lines, it will be necessary to establish a private line between New Foundland and Prince Edward's Island, which is but a short distance. A Second electric cable will be sunk so as to continue the line to Cape Breton. The American company undertake this supplementary labor. Once constructed, Europe and America will be connected by all their various ramifications of telegraphic wires. The supplementary part of the work is to be concluded during the next year. The cable, the manufacture of which has already commenced in England, will weigh five tons and two hundred pounds per mile, and will be constructed with great care. Each company will have the proprietorship of the portion it builds, but the line is to be operated in common, and to the exclusion of every other company.

In conclusion, if success crowns this admirable enterprise, it will be only three years before we shall be able to announce the accomplishment of one of the most astonishing marvels of this or any former age.

The New York Evening Post of Thursday has an article upon the same subject, and also an engraving which represents a section of the wire, which is being manufactured in Camberwell, England, by Kuper and Co. The cable "is an inch and a half in diameter, and contains six communicating copper wires,—copper of all metals having the greatest capacity for conducting the electrical current. The company have obtained of the Danish government for one hundred years, the exclusive right to establish telegraphic communications across Greenland, Iceland and the Faroe islands, with the view of adopting this route in laying down the sub-marine cable, as there is

some doubt as to whether sufficient electrical action for telegraphing purposes can be produced on a cable of two thousand miles in length, the distance between New Foundland and Ireland. There are now experiments going on in Europe that will determine this point.

We learn that Messrs. Alden and Eddy, to whom our Government have granted the

right of way to construct a line to California, are acting in concurrence with the trans-Atlantic company, so that in a few years there may be hourly communications between San Francisco and the East Indies, and at an indefinite date we may say with Puck :—

"I can put a girdle round the earth,
In forty minutes."

A Plea for Painted Glass: being an Inquiry into its Nature, Character and Objects, and its Claims as an Art. By F. W. Oliphant, J. H. Parker.

THIS is a modest and judicious little book, professing rather to clear up than expound the subject of glass-painting, and giving the architectural and artistic professions a hint of what the art has been and may be.

Whilst other branches of architectural decoration have their codes of laws, no rules for the successful execution of stained glass windows have yet been laid down. When erected, they are therefore poor imitations or servile copies. Mr. Oliphant describes with much critical taste the gradual growth of the stained window from the simple red bud of early Art to the glowing fruit of the flamboyant age. The Gothic builders' first windows were mere pierced apertures for light, and the first use of colored glass was to bind the window together and break the blank mass of light. At the end of the thirteenth century, more peace and more wealth turned the plain castellated loop into an ornamental window. Mullions and a rich labyrinth of geometrical ornament grew common. Spring had grown into summer. The even-colored border of the first style narrows and twines round the edges of the tracery like tendrilled parasites. The backgrounds are diapered and the saints are canopied. The kings and martyrs, whose blood in the rich sunlight we seem to see flowing preternaturally in their veins, awake from their long sleep, lose their grimness—the frost of mummy death thaws and they look down benign, as from the sunset clouds of heaven. The south wind blows and the colors of the orient bloom in the panes. Then come the dull science and the rule and level of the mechanical Perpendicular. Stone transoms, in the fifteenth century, divide the window into panels. The color is more delicate, but it is blanched, hectic, sickly and unwholesome. The paintings become too highly finished, and are painted without reference to their position. Allowing this, as at York and Great Malvern, Mr. Oliphant, with a poet's eye, finds in this period a summer twilight influence, a soft pearly sweetness, that at evening and morning is harmonious and soothing. The religion of this period was also a religion of seasons, not of daily life.

In 1450, when the Perpendicular had run its best, in spite of Ulm, Munich, Cologne and

Rouen, glass-painting lost its harmony of purpose and integrity of design. The Cinque-Cento brought with it huge colonnades, triumphal arches, cupids, and all the refurbished lumber of a galvanized paganism.

The present ruin of glass-painting is, that some artists merely imitate old, unapproachable examples, whilst others foolishly try to execute oil painting with a material limited in its nature, and requiring conventional treatment. Mr. Oliphant says, to remedy these evils, no customer should purchase windows on which the paintings are not well drawn and composed, harmonious in color, with low, well discriminated relief, that should not destroy the flatness of the surface. At present, it is a mere glazier's trade; it would with more discriminating purchases and with the numerous churches now building, soon grow into an art. For Classic and Palladian buildings, the writer thinks examples from the Romanesque might be used—and yet, even with these, the color and general artistic arrangement would require to be different.

YOUNG AND OLD.

We were but foolish, dear,
When we were young;
Hasty and ignorant,
Daring and strong,
Clutching the red grapes
Of passion or power—
Ah, they were wild grapes,
Cankered and sour!
Would we call back those years,
Strange, ghostly throng?
No. Yet be tender, love,
We were but young!

Now, growing wiser, dear,
While growing old,
No pure thought perished yet,
No warm hope cold,
We'll reap, who sowed in tears;
Scattering abroad;
Living for all mankind,
Living to God:
Holding each other safe
In a firm fold :—
We shall be happy, love,
Now we are old.

Chambers's Journal.

CHAPTER XL.—CONSEQUENCES.

THERE followed one immediate and unlooked-for "consequence" of Helen's accident. Slight as it had appeared to be, the pain increased, and the ankle swelled so much during the evening, that Mr. Williamson ordered fomentations for it, and strongly advocated Miss Blackburn's wish that the fair sufferer should not attempt to go home, but remain the night at Hillington Place. Therefore so it was arranged; and a message being despatched to the cottage, the sisters saw the rest of the visitors depart—Helen still lying on the sofa from which she had been watching the dancers, and Anne, seated near her, looking over a portfolio of drawings which Sir Charles Blackburn had offered to her attention.

"You see—views of to-day's scenes," he explained, turning over some rough but vivid pencil sketches—"these are Hester's doing, years ago. There is the glen—and here the Lady's Seat. Ah, I see the date marked, June 20, 18— This very day eighteen years!"

Here the hostess reëntered the room. Anne noticed the rapid glance she gave to the drawings they were examining—a look with a sharp acute pain perfectly visible in it for one instant.

"What have you there?" she said, laughing. "My old drawings? Where in the world did you pick them up, Charles?"

"I found them ignominiously thrust out of sight in a drawer in my room," replied her brother. "It is like looking at old friends' faces to see them again. Why, Hester, I remember your doing all these quite well—that summer."

"Yes, I remember," she said, indifferently, taking them up and casting her eyes over them. "They are not badly done," she remarked, with apparent complacency; "hasty, and unfinished enough—but I have seen worse portraits of places. Haven't you, Anne?"

Anne having replied, turned her attention to Helen, who looked wearied, and was quite willing to retire for the night.

Yet, after the sisters were comfortably established in the room apportioned to them, and after listening to all Helen's busy chatter, till the young girl had fairly talked herself to sleep, Anne, still dressed as she was, felt a strong desire to descend the stairs again to the drawing-room, where she was fully persuaded that Miss Blackburn lingered. Sir Charles, she knew, had proceeded to his room immediately after they had reached theirs; but for his sister, Anne *knew* all was not well with her, and she could not sleep without trying, at least, to penetrate into this hidden disturbance—perhaps, to solace it—who could tell?

She was right, at least, in her first conjecture. Miss Blackburn was still up. The large room was all in shadow, save at the far end, where a small lamp stood on the table, lighting

up the figure of Miss Blackburn, who stood there, her head bent over one of the drawings Sir Charles had been showing, which she held in her hand. She started at Anne's entrance, flung down the drawing, and sprang towards her.

"Anne—I thought you were in dream-land by this time! Nothing is wrong with Helen, or with you?"

"Oh, no. But I am not sleepy, and some instinct told me you were still here, so I came down."

"Wonderful instinct!" she replied, laughing.

She turned her face from Anne's quiet look, and moved slowly back to her former station beside the table. Anne followed, and seated herself on the sofa, near, while Miss Blackburn was apparently engrossed in gathering together the scattered drawings, and replacing them in their portfolio. She went on talking in snatches all the time.

"Well, now we are alone, you may give me your frank opinion as to the 'success' of my party. Was it pleasant, stupid, amusing, or dull? You look tired enough," she went on, never waiting for answer; "and really, Anne, you ought to be fast asleep at this moment, recovering the fatigues of the day in proper conventional fashion."

"And you, too?" said Anne, smiling.

"Of course—I know. But then I never do as I ought. And to return to my party. How pretty your sister looked, Anne! I hope her accident will not outweigh her pleasure; she looked so thoroughly content, more so than I have ever seen her, I think."

"Yes; I noticed it. I believe she has had a very happy day."

"That is well. After all, Anne," Miss Blackburn went on, musingly, "what a great deal of stray happiness must be floating about the world—to see how easily some hands catch at it, and clasp it! I looked round to-day, and saw real sunshine in almost every pair of eyes that met my own, till I marvelled."

"Why should you marvel? Is it such a miserable world?"

"Some people think it is, you know. For my own part, I express no opinion." She went on arranging the drawings. They were all disposed now, in the portfolio, and she sat down, placed it on her knee, and began to tie the strings in a succession of tight knots, which, as she remarked, with some satisfaction, "it would require a good deal of ingenuity and perseverance to unfasten."

"Do you intend that it shall never be opened again, then?" asked Anne.

"Yes; they are uncomfortable, ghostly things, these same scrawls of sketches, reminding me of my grand failure in what was then my passionate enthusiasm, my desperate aspiration to the dignity of artist. Did I never tell you of that, Anne? It is an amusing episode. I had

magnificent ideas, of which *these* are the sublime, tangible representatives; my latest productions, my final achievements."

"Don't you pursue it now?"

"No," Miss Blackburn replied, with sharp curttness; "I tired of enthusiasm and devotion, and left it off. I am never reasonable in these things; I know no medium between fanaticism and indifference. And as indifference is your only safe harbor, I steered into it, and rest there to this day. No one cares less about all this sort of thing than I do, I flatter myself," she went on, laughing. "A picture is just so much paint to me—not a thought more; and as for my old dream of being an artist—pshaw! I scorn the notion now every bit as much as it scorned *me* then. So I took up my palette for the last time, one day, and sent it spinning into the sea, just at turn of tide. And brushes, pencil, colors—I knew them no more. How I do hate those words—last time, no more!" cried Miss Blackburn, with sudden bitterness. "What is there in such syllables, I wonder, that, even casually repeated, they should take our breath away, and make us feel like slaves?"

There was no answer.

"You won't reply to my question," she went on, in a lighter tone, and she turned to Anne with a half smile, and a certain resumption of her habitual manner. "You don't sympathize with me in my detestation, of course. Your faculties are not complete, Anne. You haven't material in you to get up a good honest abhorrence of anything." And half sharply as this was said, the speaker threw her arm round her companion with a loving gesture that contradicted her tone. "Your quiet face continually reproaches my wayward spirit; it dare not wander far in your presence. Even to inveigh against *words* is forbidden, it seems."

"You speak more wrathfully, more bitterly than you know, sometimes," said Anne in a low voice.

"Not a tithe of what I *feel*, nevertheless. Do me the justice to believe *that*," Miss Blackburn said, rapidly. "Oh, innocent seriousness! you don't understand—you can't comprehend. You lose yourself in this unknown country; you are bewildered in this strange atmosphere Anne, what in the world makes us care for one another, seeing that we have absolutely nothing in common, but are about as sympathetic as fire and snow?"

Anne smiled, and shook her head gravely.

"Oh, but I tell you that it is so. I intend to study this matter, and discover where the neutral ground is upon which we meet. There *must* be something which assimilates. I don't believe in the theory of 'opposites,' either in love or friendship. Except, indeed," she added, laughing, "that when A is fond of talking, B ought to prefer listening—as in our case, my dear Anne. What in the world would become

of two lovers or friends, each of whom had the gift of language, and liked to exercise it in my fashion?"

"Do you know," Anne said, timidly placing her hand on her friend's arm, and looking into her face, "that all this jesting pains me?—for I am sure—I am sure that it is not natural. I can see in your eyes that you are troubled."

"You wise diviner of signs and tokens!" cried Miss Blackburn, rebelling against the gentle influence, breaking away from the feeble hold, "don't arrogate to yourself any such dignity of penetration, Anne. Trust me, it is not women of your calibre who possess that wonderful and often-talked-of power of reading the mysterious workings of the human heart, etc., etc., etc. No, no; leave it alone."

"Come to me—come close; let me look into your face," said Anne, with earnestness. "Ah, do. It is not kind of you to turn away so sternly."

It was such an entreating voice, and such a sad, wistful look was bent upon her:—Miss Blackburn succumbed at length. Silently she took her place beside the sofa, and suffered her hands to be imprisoned in the light, loving clasp of Anne's.

"What has grieved you? Tell me; it will look smaller when it is told."

"How do you know I am grieved?"

"Because—I learn to understand people I love."

"Do you love *me* Anne? Thanks, thanks," said Miss Blackburn, hoarsely. She laid her head on Anne's shoulder. Presently came deep heart-wrung sobs—few, but long and convulsive, such as it was terrible to see, shaking the small, slight frame. But no tears followed. She raised her face; the eyes were heavy, and dim, and dry, as if a slow fire burned beneath the darkened lids. The tension, physical and mental, once relaxed, utter collapse resulted. Anne could only look at her in silent sympathy. At length words came from the thin, quivering lips—"Forgive me! But it is your own fault; you would not let me play the hypocrite longer."

"It is better thus—much better."

"You don't know; you can't judge. You talk about 'grief!' Grief I am not *grieving*; I don't think I ever knew what it was to grieve."

"But you are troubled—you are unhappy."

There was a brief pause.

"Oh, Anne, Anne! it is a cold, drear, desolate world," she said, looking up with a painful smile. "Who is happy except those who cannot feel? Even you, whom I have envied, many a time, your good pure heart, your quiet spirit, and your loved and loving lot in life—even you look sad and wearied often. Perhaps *you* are not happy. Perhaps *you* are miserable?"

"No—I am not miserable," replied Anne, simply, returning the steadfast inquiring look her friend fixed upon her. Miss Blackburn

paused a moment, and then went on, looking away.

"*Miserable!* it is only a word, to some. To me—oh, it is a terrible, horrible truth, that I have had to learn, day by day, week by week, year by year. It will not make itself a place. I *cannot* get to wear it as an accustomed garment; through all these years I have mutinied against it, wildly, desperately, with a passionate, fiery strength, *you* cannot realize. I have dashed myself against my prison walls, I have clutched fierce hold of the very knife that wounded me, and I am bruised, and torn, and bleeding. Anne, I let you look into my heart, and this is what you see. Heaven forgive me! Have I any right—any right?"

She crushed her face into her clasped hands, for a moment, then went on in the same suppressed, stifled tone, that seemed afraid to raise itself above a whisper, lest it should break out into a shriek.

"Sometimes—sometimes, I grow afraid—afraid of my own soul. I dare not be alone with it, I dare not listen to its cries, to its promptings. Riot is there; it rages, it swells, it maddens; while the poor I, the centre of it all, seems to dwindle to a tiny dot, tossed, flung upon a boiling sea, till *that* stupifies into calm, and leaves the wrecked thing stranded on the barren, desolate shore. That is my life—that has been my life for sixteen years. Why was I made strong enough to live through it all? Why was my brain kept steady? To have made me mad, would have been merciful; Anne, I say to you it *would*. Then, I should not have remembered, should not have looked upon all things in the world with that bitter, jaundiced view that made me hate myself, even while I tried to exult in it."

She stopped abruptly.

"Do I frighten you, Anne?" she said, with almost tenderness; "you—you that love me? for you would not have said that carelessly, would you? You mean it—it is true! I may have it, I may look at it, take it into my hand and feel it—real, real love, such as I never—never—never have had all my woman's life!"

Anne drew her closely to her, half fearful of the growing excitement apparent in her face and in her rapid, feverish utterance. The caressing movement touched the poor, disturbed spirit. She burst into tears, softening, gentle, natural tears, such as a child might shed upon its mother's breast. For a long time they lasted, while Anne said not a word, but only bent low over her friend in mute eloquence of sympathy and love.

The weeping subsided, gradually and slowly, into calm. Then she raised her face, and looked straight and full into Anne's eyes, laden with pitying tenderness as they were.

"Anne, what strange tears these have been!" she said, softly.

"Blessed tears, comforting tears!"

"Yes, I am grateful for them. I feel as if in my soul a dense black cloud had burst and dissolved into this quiet harmless rain. I can think more clearly; I can bear to *feel*. Oh, Anne, I am weak, wicked, rebellious; but I have been tried sorely. Do not judge me, do not be harsh in thinking of me. Nay, I know you could not be so. But perhaps a harder censor than you would ever be, might find some cause for leniency. And to-day, to-day, is always a bitter one in every year."

"I thought so," Anne said, simply.

"Yes, it is a cruel, cruel anniversary, that was once a festival, and now — It is as if one whom we loved had died upon her birth-day, and the garlands of rejoicing are turned into ashes evermore. The memory of past happiness becomes a ghastlier presence than the grimmiest form of misery. There is nothing so terrible—so hard to bear. It is right that it should be; I suppose, it is the natural shadow that light ever brings with it. But the light left me years ago, and I have shivered or grown frozen in the shadow ever since. Don't wonder that I am fitful, passionate, erratic, as you see me. If fate had been a little kinder to me, I might—I might have attained to the goodness that I once aimed at. But, Anne, misery follows closely, curbs cruelly, grinds hardly; there is no escaping her clutch to pass on to the high things of life. She makes us grovel in the mire, till for very shame we dare not look up to the sunlight."

"Yet shame is no portion of anything but wrong," said Anne, gently; "and misery, such as you speak of, should not be suffered by any one who had done no ill."

"It is only the wicked who suffer, then?" Miss Blackburn cried, hastily.

"It is only the wicked who suffer the worst, hardest pangs of misery—such as you described. Shame is for sin, and not for simple sorrow; and hopelessness, desperation, is for no human soul that believes on its Creator."

"You speak from out of a quiet, passionless soul, which is not mine. Moreover, you never knew the hard trouble—the bitter pangs of a life which spent out its brightest and best wealth in one gift—a gift that was cast aside, crushed under foot, and its dust flung forth to the four winds of heaven. Anne, a woman can bear much for the sake of that wild dream of love, which is sure to visit her, late or early, in her life. She can be patient through much tribulation, she will stand steadfast through all trial and temptation; pain and sorrow, hardship and privation, are but names to her while she breathes an atmosphere made divine by the presence of love—love which, subtle and penetrating as sunshine, finds its way into the darkest of earth's prisons, as into the fairest and openest of her pleasant places. Is it not so, Anne?" Miss Blackburn asked in conclusion, laying her hand upon her

companion's, with a half sad, half tender smile—a smile of inquiry that would not be denied.

Anne's eyes were drooped, and she did not raise them. No blush came to her cheek, but rather an added pallor to what was already very white.

"I hate 'confidences,' I will none of them," cried Miss Blackburn, energetically; "besides, they are unnecessary; for where two people care enough for one another to be entitled to share their joys and griefs, they are quite sure to find them out without telling; as I have long since found out, Anne dear—*yours*."

"Mine?" Anne repeated, mechanically.

"Even so." She laughed as she spoke, and Anne looked up, bewildered. "All these weeks—months, I have felt very like, first, a thief, and then—a hypocrite, for that I did wrongfully and without your consent steal your secret, and afterwards did wickedly and of malice aforethought conceal from you that I held the article in my possession. But you will not mind, will you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Anne, desperately.

"Oh! do you turn my own weapons upon me? Why, I did not think *you* could play hypocrite for a single minute. But—but you look troubled. I will say no more—jest or earnest—on this matter. I ought to have known that a light tone suits happiness as little as it harmonizes with sorrow. I am silent."

"No," said Anne, after a brief pause; "you will speak candidly, please, all that is in your mind; you may be entertaining some wrong belief."

"Wrong? Oh, Anne, you would not try to deceive me. But can I be wrong?" She hesitated a moment. "Shall I go on? Have you not been in sore trouble of absence, separation, uncertainty? And is not the dark time surely melting into dawn now? Are you not hopeful, joyful, expectant? Not *at peace*, for coming joy brings its own sweet unrest, but even that will end before long; when, one day soon, the Calcutta steamer lands her passengers at Southampton pier."

The mystery was out. Anne drew a deep breath. The reaction was very great. In a lighter temperament, either tears or laughter might have followed, but a very sore, strained smile was all that she could command as she looked up, meeting her friend's fixed and earnest, yet half-sportive look, with the words—"You are quite—quite mistaken. How came you to be so deceived?"

"Deceived! Do you truly mean it? Oh Anne!"

These ejaculations were uttered at impulsive intervals, while her keen dark eyes rested on Anne, a world of emotion lighting them.

"Anne, I don't know what to think. I am utterly lost, now you take this, my guiding light,

from me; while I had that, I saw things clearly—now, all is mist and uncertainty." A pause. A last keen, searching gaze—then the bright eyes were turned away. "You are not engaged to Edward Grant?"

"Indeed, no."

"You—you don't care for him?"

"Yes, I do; we were children together," Anne said, with a certain hesitation and constraint in her tone.

"And he is not in love with you?"

"He is not in love with me."

"May I go on with my catechism? Was he ever—did he ever—ask you to marry him?"

Another pause. "Ah, Anne, forgive me for all this questioning. I have some claim—have I not?—to know—to be satisfied. Satisfied, do I say? Mocking word! Little satisfaction can I glean. Oh Anne, Anne, I have been so mistaken all along—believing you so happy. What am I to believe now?—that my fabric of imagined bliss is blown away in a breath?"

She put her arm round her with an added tenderness, which had in it much anxiousness and even something of compunction.

"Anne, I am afraid about you. I am bewildered—I am doubtful and uncertain."

"Do not be so. Indeed, you need not to be."

"You see I felt so sure. I cannot reconcile to myself this new state of things. To think that Edward Grant's arrival in England is now—just nothing at all. That I need not watch the weather any more, and fancy you look paler when the wind has been higher than usual, and that the poor young man's name need no longer be carefully ignored by me when we converse." She ceased, and appeared to meditate troublously.

"When your bewilderment is a little moderated," presently said Anne, smiling, "will you abate mine for me? I am perplexed to know how this strange delusion could have gained such a hold upon you. What grounds had you for entertaining such a completely mistaken idea? Was it a chance speculation? or did you regularly imagine the whole romance?"

"Nay, not quite so bad as that (I like to see you laugh, Anne; and I dearly exult in that little taste of quiet mockery which I can detect in your last remark. I never knew you so nearly saucy before). But, in justice to my poor maligned common sense, I must be permitted to observe, that this belief was shared by at least one other person; and that person one acknowledged to be gifted with rather more than the ordinary amount of penetration, perspicuity, and discretion, that nature affords to her masculine children."

"Indeed!" said Anne, this time without smiling.

"Yes, *indeed*, though you may choose to be incredulous till I name my witness—my aider and abettor. Almost the last talk Walter

Avarne and I had together was on no less a subject than your engagement to Mr. Grant, and the probability of your speedy marriage. I believe he had some prescience of that fortunate government appointment of which we had news a week or two after. Lord Castletown is his intimate acquaintance, you know."

"Yes—is he?"

"I feel very nearly certain that Walter used his influence in that quarter in his friend's behalf. I thought so at the time, putting that and that together. It is just what he would do, good, noble fellow that he is. And he would, of course, conclude he was contributing to the happiness of two of his friends at the same time. I remember he said more than once how anxious he felt over Edward Grant's future and yours—how he trusted that this summer would end all trouble of uncertainty and suspense."

"He was very kind," said Anne, in a momentary but uncontrollable bitterness, which passed quite unperceived by her companion.

Yet it was sharp while it lasted, that pang, and seemed to arouse some of the old wickedness of two or three weeks before. It was "hard," as women say, in piteous excuse for similar derelictions from the smooth, straight ways of gentle and patient endurance. She did not hear much of what Miss Blackburn said for the next few minutes, till she was aroused by her laughing—a very harsh grating laugh it sounded.

"Well, you are giving clear indication of your sleepiness when you reply, 'No, thank you!' to my kind inquiry as to the time of night. Past one o'clock, I declare. Dear Anne," in a changed tone, and holding her in a half embrace, that Anne forced herself *not* to shrink irritably from, "this talk has done me good—it has given me much food for thought—more profitable thought, too, I trust and believe, than the gloomy egotistic retrospections, at once desperate and helpless, which have been my mental food for the last few days. Oh, 'what fools these mortals be!' I could bite my tongue, for some things it has said; but it were better to reach to the soul that prompted the speech—were it not, Anne? And you have done that, as you always do. Dear, it must gladden you—I *know* it will—that you have made me feel better, more serene, fitter for my prayers, than I have been for I dare not think how long. You *always* do me good. And now, look at me with your good quiet eyes—won't you. And then —"

But Anne hid her face, troubled and ashamed. Miss Blackburn kissed her.

"I have tired you out. I am always thoughtless, random, selfish. Forgive me—and good-night."

And so they separated—each to her own pillow, and her own dreams.

CHAPTER XII.—MATRIMONIAL.

"Albert and Grace!" cried Mrs. Dynevor, from the porch of Thornhill Cottage, "run directly, both of you, to Miss Blackburn's, and see if Helen really is coming home this evening. If her foot is not quite well, she will stay, of course. If she comes, you can help in some way, very likely. And, mind you, run on and tell me if Sir Charles is coming. Albert, wait—listen a minute. Understand what I am saying, sir! Our love, you know, and kind regards to the Blackburns—and—oh, the heedless boy! Dear, dear, what torments children are! Grace has put her cape on all on one side—and Albert's hat —"

She retired in-doors to conclude her lamentation, within hearing of Anne, who, in the midst of her business of transcribing a large heap of her father's blotted MS., found time, occasionally, to look up with a consoling remark.

Meanwhile the children, after running at full speed down the lane, and across the village street, slackened their pace by mutual consent, and looked at one another—laughing for sheer pleasure in the mellow brightness of the afternoon, and the freshness of the seabreeze which blew in their faces.

"This is nice—isn't it?" was Albert's observation. "It is almost cool, now; and this wood is always so pleasant and quiet. How the birds *do* sing—just listen Grace!"

And they waited within the entrance of the wood for a minute, then went on, speaking in tones unconsciously subdued.

"How pleasantly the leaves rustle! I love this wood, dearly," said Grace, stooping to gather some flowers of delicate wood-sorrel. "Last Sunday afternoon, when you went with mamma to H—, Anne and papa came here, and sat down on the stile at the end, while I looked for strawberries. I don't know what they were talking about; but they were very earnest. Not grave, you know, or sad—only quiet, somehow. And once, papa leaned down to Anne and kissed her."

"Why, that's nothing wonderful," said Albert, peering curiously up a tree, where he had suspicions of a squirrel; "one would think nobody ever kissed Anne before;—you are so important about it."

"But out-of-doors," urged Grace, "people don't usually,—you know. Besides, I am quite sure they were talking seriously; Anne's face looked—oh, so still—in a kind of a look—not like crying, nor sorry, either, but—oh, I can't tell how, if you won't understand."

"Ah, he's off!" was the inapposite rejoinder. "Well, Grace, and what then?" turning to the little girl with a somewhat patronizing air of attention.

"There's nothing else—I only thought I'd

tell you," said Grace, a slight shade of offended reserve marking her tone.

"Of course; that's all right; and, Grace, I'll tell *you* something," observed Albert, grandly, dropping his voice, and drawing close to his listener. "Do you know—I am very nearly certain—that our Helen—will be married very soon."

"Oh, Albert, I don't believe anything you say of marriages and things," said Grace, almost indignantly; "see how wrong you were about Anne and Edward Grant. He is married already, and his wife is coming back to England with him. And you said he was going to be Anne's husband, as sure as anything could be."

"Well, when Selina Grant told us the news, you might have knocked me down with a feather," asserted Albert, kicking a loose stone before him, as he walked, with considerable energy. "Nobody could be more surprised than I was; and I don't understand it yet. I haven't at all made up my mind about that affair, I can tell you, Grace."

"At any rate, he can't marry Anne *now*, you know," remarked the little girl, logically and sedately; "so you may just as well own you were wrong."

Albert began to whistle.

"I don't see any use in guessing about what is going to happen," Grace went on, with much philosophy; "we shall know it soon enough when once it *does* come. And as for Helen—"

"Very well—never mind—but you'll see," said her brother, emphatically, as he swung to the side gate of entrance to Hillington Place shrubberies, and passed in; "only, just remember what I said when it *does* happen, as you say." A slight interlude of whistling followed, which lasted to the door. Then, as Albert turned the handle, as he was wont, and the two children entered, a final whisper passed. "You'll see—hum—it isn't only for a sprained ankle that Helen stays here for three, four, five days, and puts off coming back home. And it isn't for nothing that Sir Charles —"

"Oh, nonsense!" from Grace abruptly ended these sibylline revelations. The next minute, they were in the pleasant summer parlor, where Miss Blackburn and her visitors usually sat.

It was a very pleasant, sunny picture, this same parlor and its occupants. The large window fronted the west, and opened into a flower-garden, beautiful and radiant with July wealth of color and fragrance. Near this window, Helen reclined among the plentiful cushions of a chair, fashioned after some most luxurious French model. Her fair face, golden curls, and graceful languor of attitude and gesture, harmonized, in a manner, with the midsummer atmosphere of the outer world, the bright hues, heavy, luscious perfumes, and drowsy hum that entered at the open window. There were some flowers of geranium and heliotrope strewn upon her lap. The vivid

scarlet, the dim purple, beautiful as they were, would not long detain the eye from the delicately pretty face above them, its flower-like bloom, and the changeful, shy look, something beyond the beauty even of flowers, that it wore, as every now and again the eyes were raised, and then drooped over the needle-work with which her fingers were busy.

Sitting at a little distance from it, but facing this attractive *tableau vivant*, was Sir Charles Blackburn, reading aloud from a certain small green-covered book, belonging to his sister's library, which might have been declared to be a familiar friend of its owner, from divers signs, as pencil-marks on the margin, and withered flowers or sprays of leaves occasionally appearing between the pages.

A musical voice had the baronet, and it thrilled melodiously through the room, on the melodious syllables:—

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

"Oh, poet, where did'st learn that fallacy?" rang out Miss Blackburn's clear, half-derisive tones.

"Fallacy!" echoed Sir Charles. He turned to his sister, with a glowing face.

"Oh, a truce to argument; I give in at once. Only, did not Keats set down the harder truth, 'Selfishness, Love's cousin?' Which are we to believe of our prophets? Or has humanity improved since that melancholy, passionate boy smote on the chords of *his* harp of life? But proceed, brother. I see Miss Helen waits impatient for 'Many a morning on the moorland,' and I can enlarge on love and selfishness at any time; practical illustrations of both are always convenient."

But the children, advancing from the door, stopped both the reading and the discussion for the time. Their messages delivered, Grace slid, as if very naturally, to Miss Blackburn's side, and gravely overlooked the process of her knitting, at present in full vigor. Albert, at the window, alternately stared out at the garden, and furtively glanced at the inmates of the room.

"What are they about at home, Albert?" asked Helen, in a low tone. "How is Anne—and all?"

"Anne is very well—very busy, too, poring over papa's papers, copying as usual. She hasn't been out all day. Just think! the most splendid day, and she in-doors, scratching away with pens."

A sullen grunt concluded this graphic description. Helen looked up, coloring.

"I wish I could help her; I shall, now I shall get some of the MS. and copying paper, and do a great deal, these long days that I cannot walk about much."

"Well, that isn't a bad idea, Helen, I must say," pronounced the boy, with emphatic approbation of look and voice. "You see, if something like that had been thought of and done, she need never have staid at home, working so hard. I know I wish I wrote plain, but it's such a scrawl, you know, mine is; it would never do, papa says."

"I shall begin to-morrow," said Helen, gravely and thoughtfully. "Anne shall not have so much upon her hands; I will begin to-morrow."

"And are you really coming home, then!"

"Yes, this afternoon—in half-an-hour. Miss Blackburn's little pony-phæton is coming out on purpose."

"For the first time these many, many years," chimed in the bland voice of Sir Charles, as he looked up from his book. "I remember well the last occasion I drove in it, to meet the mail on the H—— road, when I was about to rejoin my regiment, then under orders for India. It will be a happier association that it is to have to-day," he added, rather disconnectedly, and in a lower tone, looking at Helen.

Helen blushed. Albert looked sharply at both of them, and then his eyes involuntarily sought Grace,—a very shrewd glitter appearing in them. Grace was too much occupied to perceive it. She was winding a skein of cotton for Miss Blackburn, and looking every now and then with childish interest at the dark, kindly face bent towards her.

"Oh, the tangled threads! Little Grace, are you moralist enough to understand the lesson they convey? An eloquent homily I can trace in these knottings and twistings. There, I must break it; we will begin again."

"Sister Anne won't let me break the thread, until I have tried for ever so long to undo it," said Grace, in her serious voice.

"She is a hard taskmistress, that Sister Anne of yours, isn't she, Grace? She is dreadfully severe on all of us who are afflicted with impatient and uncelestial temperaments. For my part, I own I am afraid of her."

"Oh, now you are in fun, though you don't laugh," cried the little girl. "Afraid of Anne? Why, when we all love her so, and she is so good? People are never afraid except of bad things, you know."

"I don't know any such thing," said Miss Blackburn, smiling grimly; "but, my dear child, don't you mind what I say;" and her smile became genial and tender, as she stroked the fair curls that clustered round the wondering face lifted towards her. "And you may always feel very sure that I am 'in fun' when I say anything that sounds as if I did not love Anne dearly; for I do, you know, little one. It is my

saving clause." She paused a moment, then went on, in a lower tone—

"Next to goodness, is the power
Of seeing where true goodness lies."

I wonder if that is true? I am afraid the two qualities are never found separate. In the case of goodness, to appreciate is to have. Oh, I wish, I wish——"

"What did you say?" asked the child's voice. "You may well ask, Grace. There, the skein is wound—brokenly enough, but it is wound. And it is a fair-looking ball of thread, after all. Courage! We will do our best with the materials that fall to our lot, won't we. Now, I see Helen is preparing to move, and I heard the chaise-wheels at the entrance some minutes since. We shall take your sister home in triumph, Grace. *Allons!*"

Selina Grant came in to Thornhill Cottage that same afternoon, and succeeded in carrying off Anne to drink tea with her and her mother. Edward Grant had arrived in England—was then in London! They had received a long letter from him, and a little note from his wife; and the next day they were going to London, to see this unknown daughter and sister, and help the young couple to prepare and arrange their establishment.

It was a happy tea-drinking. They talked, Selina and Mrs. Grant, and exulted, and rejoiced, and wept, after the manner of women. And Anne listened and sympathized with all that warm, loving sincerity of soul, which always made her sympathy something very precious, and much desired by those who had once known it. But, in truth, she was more selfishly happy than any one guessed. Mrs. Grant's vague fears, and doubts, and suspicions, the natural growth of motherly vanity, were at once and for ever set at rest. It said much for her love of Anne, that she was so entirely glad at this result, and could cordially forgive her for not breaking her heart because her Edward had married somebody else. But when Anne was leaving them, Albert having arrived to escort her home, the old lady took her hand, and, looking into her face, said somewhat of her former hopes and wishes.

"Long ago, my love, I thought that I should never sit talking to you, as I have done this evening, of Edward's marriage. I mean, I believed what I so much desired, that—that you would become my daughter. Well, well; it is better ordered as it is, I doubt not. But how deceived I was! How different Edward's description of this little laughing fairy of a girl, from what I fancied."

"How you will love that little fairy," said Anne, as she kissed her; "how bright she will make the house, with the pretty merry ways Edward tells us of. It will be a happy, beautiful household—and dearly I like to remember

that I have a little place of my own in it!" "Yes, you must come and see us all very soon, as they both wish. Edward has evidently well described his old friend and playmate to his wife. I feel sure she knows and loves you already, Anne!"

More kisses and valedictions, and then Anne departed. Albert left his conversation with Selina, and drew close to his sister, with the protective air which is the masculine prerogative. On this occasion, however, conflicting emotions were seething in that young gentleman's mind to a degree which threatened to prevent any of them issuing forth by the usual mode of speech.

"Has Helen returned home?" was Anne's first question.

"Oh, yes;" and an abruptly-drawn breath.

"Is she very tired? Did she walk?"

"No. Came in the pony-chaise;" adding, after a brief interval, "Sir Charles Blackburn drove her over."

"Indeed! Did he stay to tea?"

"Well—I should rather think he did," said Albert, taking long strides forward, such as Anne found it rather difficult to keep up with. "He hadn't gone, when I left to come and fetch you. I daresay you will see him yourself."

"Is Miss Blackburn there, too?"

"No. She is coming in the morning; she sent word. They will——" Another sudden check, and Albert began to whistle. Presently he voluntarily resumed conversation, but in a different channel.

"So Edward Grant's in London," he observed.

"Think of Edward being married! I say, Anne—weren't you surprised? I was, I can tell you. I can't half make it out."

"Perhaps it isn't necessary that you should," said Anne, laughing; "take my advice, Albert, and reserve your talent in expounding problems for papa's lectures on Euclid."

"Well; but—Anne, isn't it queer, really? Mrs. Grant and Selina never expected it. They were thinking of—of something quite different."

"Human judgment is fallible, you know. People are mistaken sometimes, especially when they take to prophesying, Albert. It is a dangerous amusement, and makes wise people stray towards folly more than any other I can think of."

"Ah, but people are not always wrong, though," remarked the boy, with considerable unction. "You'll please to remember, Anne (and Grace will, too), that I said—— Oh, here he is!"

They were now arrived at home, and Albert's final exclamation applied to the tall, somewhat portly figure of Sir Charles Blackburn, which, in the dim twilight of the July ten o'clock P. M., they now beheld advancing down the garden path.

"Good-by, till to-morrow!" in the baronet's

clear, cheerful tones. "Is it not a lovely night? Do you see how singularly bright the stars are?"

"Very bright, and very considerate of them to be so! A celestial illumination on these occasions is always most *apropos*! Take care, though. Bring your thoughts to earth for a moment. Anne and Albert are just before you."

"A thousand pardons!" cried Sir Charles, bending over Anne's hand with an amount of *empressment* that she was much puzzled at. Her wonderment did not decrease, as he went on, apologizing, hoping, believing, in very energetic and incoherent fashion, ending with——

"But I shall see you to-morrow, shall I not? my—my fair sister Anne."

He waved his hand to Mr. Dynevor, and then, with a certain confusion very noticeable in his usually self-possessed bearing, turned away, quite unmindful of Anne's look of perplexity.

"Is not Sir Charles's manner rather strange, papa?" she said, as she passed in-doors.

"Strange? Doubtless. He would be strange, indeed, if it were not. Benedick in the last act of the comedy, Anne, my dear! Poor fellow! one of the thousands, who, when they swore to die bachelors, did not think they would live to be married."

"What does it all mean?" and Anne entered the sitting-room, with eyes, ears, and understanding all open and eager for explanation. She soon began to comprehend.

Helen sat, encircled by her mother's arms, both of them in tears. Grace stood looking at them, crying for sympathy, but at the sight of Anne, she ran to her, condensing the wonderful news into a child's simple, succinct exclamation, conveyed in a loud whisper:—

"Only think! Helen is going to marry Sir Charles Blackburn!"

Helen detected the whisper, and half turned round—the prettiest picture of glowing, blushing, dewy-eyed shyness—to meet her sister's look. It could hardly be other than a surprised look, yet Anne's intuitive womanly tact soon prompted her to leave that first natural feeling of wonderment in abeyance for the time being, and evince only the more joyous and congratulatory phase of her present emotions.

Her loving kisses—her tender words, at once removed the more painful elements of the young *fiancée's* embarrassment. And presently the family circle settled down into a more comfortable equanimity. The children were allowed to sit up to supper, in honor of the occasion. Anne was well pleased to find wholesome occupation in superintending that same pleasant, homely supper. While she assisted in spreading the table, decking the plates of fruit with fresh green leaves, and cutting sundry fair slices of bread-and-butter, she found time calmly to take thought on this wonderful new event in the

family history. Meanwhile, Helen, compelled to remain on the sofa, could only droop her head over a book, and be as absorbed as was practicable in its contents. As for Mrs. Dynevor, she was raised to that degree of rapture where comparative stillness and calm testify how great is the height. She was absolutely quiet, and sat, doing nothing, saying nothing, leaning back in her chair with her hands folded on her lap. Her usual self only reappeared at very rare intervals, when she was apparently stung into vitality by her husband's provoking remarks. For that gentleman, being unwontedly moved, found it convenient to assume an air of exaggerated wonderment and profound mystification.

"Grace, my dear, give me a glass of water. Thank you; this news is really almost too much for me. To wake one morning and find myself father-in-law to a baronet, is quite out of the routine of any contingencies I ever imagined."

"Dear me, what nonsense!" cried his wife, sharply, displeased at the sarcastic glimmer in his eyes. "More unlikely things happen every day, I am sure."

"Pardon me; not among authors. We are a race by ourselves, and have nothing to do with the Red-book, its glories and distinctions," cried Mr. Dynevor; a degree of haughtiness penetrating through the jesting gravity of his assumed deprecation. He paused, thoughtfully. In his heart he felt rather annoyed at the idea of his daughter marrying "out of her order." Pride of intellect can be quite as unreasonable and prejudiced as pride of birth, and Mr. Dynevor was a man with as strong weaknesses in that direction, as if he had had a pedigree of a mile long. However, presently he went on, in a lighter tone of banter. "How this circumstance will affect our family, collectively and individually, I hardly like to speculate. I fancy you are beginning to have a "highly-connected" look about your features already, Mary."

"Really, Edmund, I think you might be serious, for once."

"I have seldom felt more seriously disposed than at this moment, let me assure you. This weight of anticipated honor bears me down. You see I feel the sort of reflected responsibility that attaches to a near relationship to landed property, and a stake in the country. I trust it won't have any intellectually deteriorating influence. I am glad my book is safely finished; I expect to be respectable and stupid for six weeks to come, at least."

"You are enough to make anybody cross," declared Mrs. Dynevor, substantiating her assertion by a frown. "If Helen were not the sweetest-tempered girl——"

"Well, I know. My little Helen was always a good girl," said the father, a brief, soot-fitting gravity clouding his bright eyes. "What

Lady Blackburn will be——only the 'Morning Post' can describe. For my part——"

"Here are strawberries," interposed Anne, coming to the rescue with a plate full of that most æsthetic fruit, to which, after his habit, Mr. Dynevor did "seriously incline," even to the abnegation of his dear pastime of railway.

"They grow in the borders at the end of the great kitchen garden," announced Albert, "just a few plants—that Joy prizes beyond everything, almost. He hardly likes gathering them, I do believe. They look so beautiful, growing, he says, all among the great, dark green leaves. So they do. Sir Charles came up while we were picking them, and told him to choose the finest. Joy grunted, in his sort of queer way, and said all of them were the finest. And then Sir Charles laughed, and repeated some lines of poetry about——about a lady, and flowers, and sunshine, and all that. And when he had gone, Joy said it was surprising how Sir Charles had taken again to his old ways of saying bits of poetry and verses. Ah! I thought to myself, well, if sister Helen——"

"Never mind, Albert; we know you are a wise personage," said Anne, equally feeling for Helen's hot, blushing cheeks, and desirous of dispelling the cloud of anger that was gathering on her mother's brow. "Grace, my pet, if you open your eyes so very wide, I am afraid they will never go back to their natural size."

"Oh, poor child, is she already learning the hard lesson—not to be astonished?" cried Mr. Dynevor. "Come to me, dear, and let us open our eyes and elevate our brows together, out of sight."

So the evening passed in a sort of pleasurable agitation, alternating with intervals of almost solemn seriousness, bright flashes of mirth playing about an atmosphere of sober grey. It was natural that it should be so, considering the varied idiosyncrasies of the family. Mr. Dynevor never chose to exhibit emotion of any kind, and it was easier to pour forth his testing and jesting harangues, than to sit quiet or thoughtful. His wife was too completely satisfied to be very indignant, and finally subsided into her favorite occupation of stocking-mending, and found much contentment, apparently, by jerking her thread, interspersing occasional protests and ejaculations, and looking at Helen's profile with loving admiration every now and then. Helen herself "leaned her cheek upon her hand," and turned over the leaves of her book at most irregular intervals. Poor girl, it was rather a difficult ordeal for her, since, in addition to such small embarrassments as were naturally occasioned by Mr. Dynevor's inexorable jocularities, Albert's mischievous glee, and Grace's equally undisguised astonishment and awe, there were various recollections of her own, which caused her to shrink from meeting the look of

her sister Anne. It was not till the two girls were established in their own room for the night, that this restraint was broken through. But then, as if by a sudden impulse, Helen threw her arms round Anne's neck, and hid her face on her shoulder, with sobs.

"Oh Anne—dear Anne! don't think me quite—quite so fickle and vacillating as I must seem to be. Don't judge me too hardly."

"Do you think it possible I should do so, my own sister?"

"Ah! you must n't speak to me like that—you must not—you must not!" cried Helen, excitedly raising her head, and looking at her.

"Dear Helen, what troubles you so? Tell me—tell me," pursued Anne, hurriedly, with a sudden apprehension. "You are quite sure you are happy in this engagement; you—"

"I am very happy; it is because I am so happy that I feel troubled. It is the sense of unworthiness that weighs me down, Anne—you cannot tell how much, for you never knew it; you are too good, true, and noble. I have been weak, and vain, and trifling; yet now—I am to be happy—and you—Anne, do reassure me—tell me you are not miserable!"

"There are few people in the world who are less so, as I believe," said Anne, with a grave encouraging smile at her sister's entreating face; "I am content, Helen; indeed, indeed, I am very content!"

They looked at one another—Anne with the same smile, Helen in piteous, doubtful inquiry.

"I am not satisfied!" cried the young girl at last; "you are so quiet always—so cheerful through every pain and trouble. Is the cheerfulness real and true? Tell me more, tell me—"

"I will tell you," said Anne, firmly, but gently; "the content is true; the cheerfulness is real. I do not admit the possibility of hypocrisy, in any form or in any degree, becoming a duty. But there are two kinds of contentment, Helen; one drawn from without, fostered by the sunshine of circumstances, when life is very bright and pleasant, all its duties beautiful, and all its associations happy—and the other, that takes its root and grows from within, and is perfect in itself, through much storm of trial and difficulty in the external life, while the soul in which it abides is true to itself. This last contentment—serenity—call it what you will, remains perfect. It is not in human nature that it should be perpetually unclouded and unfluctuating, but—but it is *there* still, even when it is most tried and most shaken."

She stopped; tears gathered in her eyes, overflowed, and fell, all undisguised and unheeded. Her next words came brokenly, but clear and distinct through the tremulousness.

"Helen, there have come trials to me of late that I found it very hard to bear. Life seems

very dark—very dreary to me—drained of all its sweetness, so that I turned from it sick and weary. I suffered, and I was hopeless, faithless. To rest, and to feel no pain, appeared the blessed possibility that Heaven could grant me. I no longer felt myself a part of the living, breathing, laboring world, that in its very human atom, consciously or unconsciously, is incessantly working out God's will. My duties, my hopes, my aims, shrank from me, I thought. My eyes were blinded, and I could not see them, and I rebelled in my heart. I cried out, 'I can do no good; there is nothing for me, now, nor in the future. I can but feel, and to feel is to suffer. Let me cease to be.'"

"Oh it was cruel!" Helen cried, loudly, as if in agony.

"Ah no! it was good; it was merciful. It taught me to feel as I now feel—the infinite blessing that waits us all, if we will only lift our eyes to see it, and our hearts to know it. Out of that brief, sharp, terrible time I woke. I do not think I shall ever be *miserable* again."

"But—happy?"

"Dear—in *your* sense of happiness—no. Don't shrink; don't tremble: I am not afraid; I look it in the face—the long life that is before me, filled up with good aims, worthy hopes, busy duties. If I may have no more than these, I will still be content."

"Anne, oh Anne!" Helen broke in. Some feeling deeper than she avowed smote her with a very passion of emotion. The elder sister strove in vain to calm her; the storm of tears would have its way, and only vague and unconnected words broke from her lips occasionally, such as afforded no clue to what she was feeling. Passively she submitted herself to Anne's hands, to be undressed and put to bed. Then she hid her face: the sobs ceased, and comparative quiet seemed succeeding. But the tears flowed anew when Anne took her in her arms, as she had been wont to do, many and many a time during childhood and since, when the younger girl in that safe refuge had cried herself to sleep.

"Helen, darling, what trouble is this? You will tell me."

"Yes." Then a long pause. The sobs ceased, she drew a deep breath and spoke. "Anne, will you forgive me?—will you forgive me? Oh, how useless to ask you that; you would *forgive*, I know, even while I stabbed you!"

"Be calm, dear, you talk wildly."

"You think so. You do not know—you cannot guess what has been gnawing my mind, making me sick with doubt, often—even when I most tried to blind myself to it. You don't know how it has made me *think*, how it has made me look at myself, and try to alter what I saw was so wrong. Anne, I am selfish, vain, unsteady, unworthy; I always was so. But I always loved *you*, dearly—dearly. So, when I

found that my selfish thoughtlessness had brought misery to you, had blighted your whole life;—it was no wonder that I woke up, as if from a dream, and hated myself—”

“Hush! hush! Tell me quietly—quickly; tell me, Helen.”

“I did not know that you loved him. Ah! don’t shrink—don’t be hurt that I saw it at last. It was only at last—it is only lately that I began to fear. For a long time I did not know it—did not think it. I was too much wrapped up in myself to notice, so much even as I might. You will not be hurt? Oh, Anne, do say one word to me.”

“Dear—go on. I—cannot understand.”

“You know, in those days I cared for Mr. Avarne. I thought he would care for me—in time; and when I fancied he loved you, I felt angry—I felt wicked.”

“You fancied—?”

“Oh, how I tried to think it was only my own fancy! But I could not—I could not. A hundred little things that I noted at the time, and more that I remembered afterwards, taught me the truth; so that I could not disbelieve it. Unconsciously, I was jealous of you from the first. I *knew* that he loved you.”

“He loved me!”

There was a pause. Then Helen’s shrill whisper was resumed:—

“All along I cheated myself with falsehoods. I argued—‘She does not love him—she will never love him: she loves some one else. It is best that he should know it.’”

“What do you mean—what *can* you mean, Helen?” Anne cried, rapidly.

“You will not hate me—though it was vile, hateful? Anne, you will not hate me—if I tell you? You will forgive me?”

“What is there to forgive? Oh, tell me!”

“He—he asked me—that morning at Mrs. Lumley’s—just before he went away—Mr. Avarne asked me if—if you were engaged to Edward Grant; and I told him—Yes!”

Silence followed; a very faint murmur from Anne scarcely stirred it.

“He asked you—why did he ask you?”

“I guessed why, then; I *know* why, now. He loved you, Anne—he loved you! But for me, oh, how happy you might have been! Why was I permitted to live, to work you such a wrong?”

“Hush, dear; oh, hush!”

“In the wicked, jealous impulse of my heart, I said what I did. I tried to persuade myself that I believed it to be true; but in my heart I knew it for a lie!” She stopped abruptly. Abruptly, impetuously she resumed:—“I coveted love—admiration; and I could clearly see that he had none, except for you, almost from the first. I don’t think I should have been quite so wicked, if I had thought you cared for him. But I did not think so, then; and, moreover, I

believed that I loved him, and should never love anybody else. Oh, Anne, what a silly girl’s sentimentality it all was; I am so deeply, bitterly ashamed when I remember!” Another long pause before she went on. “Since then, I have gone on trying to convince myself that I had not sinned; ah, it is a weary, sickening work, that self-deception. Miserable as I am, I am happier, now that I look straight at my fault, and suffer for it; as I always must suffer; as I deserve to suffer.”

“Poor Helen—my poor Helen!”

“You pity me—*me!* You kill me with your love—your compassion,” cried Helen, vehemently. “Yet you must forgive me,” she added, in a sort of excited entreaty; “you must tell me you forgive all my unworthiness—all my selfishness.”

“Selfishness? I to forgive?” Anne faltered.

“You that have been always so good to me—to every one. I—that have made you miserable!”

“Miserable!” in a tone that was like an audible transfiguration.

“Have I not done so? Dear, dear Anne, what right have I to be happy, when you cannot be so? For you confessed it to me, only just now. It is what I feared—full, true happiness, such as you ought to have, and are worthy of, you will never know. You said it.”

“That was—five minutes ago,” said Anne, unsealing her lips, with a strong effort. “Helen—oh, Helen, I am happy—I am happy. Don’t ask me—don’t think about me at all—except to be grateful and at peace. I am happy—I give thanks!”

She scarcely seemed to know or to heed whether she spoke to other ears than her own. And all the rest came forth in richly-flowing, abundantly-healing tears, such as leave the heart beautiful, clear, and pure for even Divine eyes to look into.

WEIGHT OF AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS. On the 10th of August, 1778, the American officers at West Point were weighed, with the following result:—

Lbs.	Lbs.
Gen. Washington - 209	Col. Michael Jackson 252
Gen. Lincoln - - 224	Col. Henry Jackson 238
Gen. Knox - - - 280	Lt. Col. Huntington 212
Gen. Huntington - 182	Lieut. Col. Cobb - 182
Gen. Greaton - - 166	Lt. Col. Humphreys 221
Col. Swift - - - 319	

DESCENDANTS OF JUDAS ISCARIOT. In Southey’s *Omniaria* is the following:—

“It was believed in Pier della Valle’s time that the descendants of Judas still existed at Corfu, though the persons who suffered this imputation stoutly denied the truth of the genealogy.”

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A TALE OF JUTLAND.

FROM THE DANISH OF S. S. BLICHER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

I HAD often beheld the highest hill in Denmark, but had not hitherto ascended it. Frequently as I had been in its neighborhood, the objects of my journeys had always required me to turn off in another direction, and I was thus obliged to content myself with seeing at some distance the Danish Schwarzwald; and as I passed on, to cast a hurried glance down the valleys to the charming lake, dotted with green, leafy islets, and which winds, as it were, round jagged tongues of land. At length I overcame all obstacles, and resolved to devote two days to a pleasure-trip amidst this much-admired scenery. My cousin Ludvig, who had just arrived from the capital, agreed to accompany me.

The morning was clear and warm, and gave the promise of a fine evening; but shortly after mid-day there gradually arose in the south-west a range of whitish clouds, tinged at the sides with flame-color. My cousin did not notice them; but I, who am experienced in the signs of the weather, recognized these indications of thunder, and announced to him "that the evening would not be as fine as the morning." We were riding exactly in such a direction that we had these clouds opposite to us, and could, therefore, perceive how they kept rising higher and higher, how they became darker at the base, and how they towered like mountains of snow over the summit of the hill. Imagination pictured them to us like the Alps of Switzerland, and we tried to fancy ourselves in that mountainous country: we saw Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, and the Jungfrau; in the valleys between the clouds we pictured to ourselves the glaciers; and when a solitary mass of cloud, breaking suddenly, sank down and seemed to mingle with the mountain chain, we called it an avalanche which would overwhelm villages and scattered chalets with everlasting snow. We continued, absolutely with childish pleasure, to figure to ourselves in the skies the majestic scenery of the Alps, and were quite wrapt up in our voluntary self-deception, when the sudden roar of thunder awoke us from our fantastic dreams. Already there stretched scarcely the thinnest line of light in the heavens above us, and the wood which lay before us seemed as if in a moment enveloped in a thick mist by the fast-falling rain. We had been too long dilatory, and now we rode as hard as possible to reach the nearest village; and we were soaked to the skin before we got to Alling, where we sought shelter under an open gateway.

The owner of the place, an elderly farmer, who seemed a sort of half-savage foreigner to us, received us with old Danish hospitality; he had our horses taken to his stable, and invited ourselves into his warm parlor. As soon as he observed our drenched condition, he offered us garments, belonging to his two sons, to wear while our own wet ones were dried by the blazing hearth. Joyfully did we avail ourselves of his kind proposal; and in a room up-

stairs, called the best apartment, we soon made the comfortable change of apparel, while laughing and joking at our unexpected travestie. Equipped as peasant lads, in their Sunday's clothes, we shortly after rejoined the family. Our host was much amused at the change in our outward men, and warmly extolled our *homely* appearance, while his two daughters smiled, and stole sly glances at us:—

Blushed the Valkyries, whilst they turned and laughed.

The coffee-urn stood ready on the table, surrounded by china cups; the refreshing beverage, amply provided with brown sugar, and rich, unadulterated cream, poured out and handed by one of the pretty daughters, speedily restored genial heat to our chilled blood; and then the father of the family thought it time to inquire the names, occupations, and places of abode, of his unexpected guests.

Meanwhile the thunderstorm had passed away; the sun smiled again in the cloudless west; far away to the east, indeed, could still be heard the distant whistling and rattling of the winds, but where we were, all was mild and tranquil. The spirits of the storm had folded their dripping wings, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds upon every leaf and flower. The evening promised once more to resemble the morning in beauty.

"And now for the ascent of the mountain!" we exclaimed to each other.

"But your clothes?" interrupted the farmer. We hastened into an outer room, where the other fair daughter was busy drying them; but, alas! they were still quite damp, and she said she feared she could not promise that they would be in a fit state to be put on for at least at hour; and then it would probably be too late to enjoy the view from the top of the hill, as the ascent, proceeding from where we were at that moment, would take, perhaps, another hour. What was to be done; the good-natured countryman helped us out of our dilemma.

"If you are not ashamed of wearing the boys' clothes," said he, "why should you not keep them on?"

"That is a capital idea," we both replied, and thanking him for the offer, as we shook hands with him cordially, we asked him where we could find a guide.

"I will myself be your guide," he said, as he took from a corner a juniper-stick for each of us. We then lost no time in commencing our journey, and still more gayly than before, for we were much amused at our masquerade, especially my cousin, who seemed to feel no small admiration for himself in the rustic blue frock-coat, ornamented with silver buttons, the jack-boots, and the head surmounted by a high-crowned hat.

"I sincerely wish," said he, "that we could fall in with some other travellers up yonder; that would be great fun."

Our guide laughed, and hinted that he would not be able to talk like the peasantry.

"Yes, I can though," said my cousin, who immediately began to speak in the Jutland dialect, to the infinite diversion of the worthy Peder An-

derson, who, however, found still another stumbling-block to the perfections of the pretended peasant, namely, that his nice, white hands would betray him.

"I can put them in my pocket," "A ka put em i e Lomn," cried my gay cousin, who was determined to admit of no drawback to his assumed character.

Presently we reached the river Gudenaae, which is here tolerably wide, and has rather a swift current. We crossed in a boat, something like a canoe, and then entered on quite another kind of a country; for here commenced the moorlands, covered with heather, whose dark tints formed a strong contrast to the bright green on the east of the river. We had yet a good way to walk, and as the heather, which almost reached up to our knees, was still wet with rain, we had good reason to be grateful to our long boots. We approached the wood; a wood of magnificent beech trees, which appeared to me here doubly beautiful, standing out, as it did, against so dark a background. Amidst sloping dales the path wound always upwards; but the thickness of the foliage for a time deprived us of any view. At last we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves upon the open summit of the mountain.

When I hear delightful music, or witness an interesting theatrical representation, I always wish to enjoy it for a time in silence. Nothing acts more unpleasantly, jars more on my feelings, than when any one attempts to call my attention to either. The moment the remark is made to me, "How beautiful that is!" it becomes less beautiful to me. These audible outbursts of admiration are to me like cold shower-baths; they quite chill me. After a time, when I have been left undisturbed, and by degrees have cooled in my excitement, I am willing to exchange thoughts and mingle feelings with those of a friend or of many friends; indeed, I find a desire growing within me to unburden, if I may so express it, my overlaid mind. It is thus that a poet utters his inspirations; at the sweet moment when he conceives his ideas, they glow within him, but he is silent; afterwards he feels constrained to give them utterance; the voice or the pen must afford the full heart relief. Our guide's anxiety to please was a dreadful drawback to my comfort, for, with the usual loquacity of a cicerone, he began to point out and describe all the churches that could be described from the place where we were standing, invariably commencing with "Yonder you see." I left my cousin to his elucidation of the country round, and, wandering to some little distance, I sat down where I could see, without being compelled to hear.

When Stolberg had finished translating Homer into German, he threw down his pen, and exclaimed, despondingly, "Reader! learn Greek, and burn my translation!" What is a description of scenery but a translation? Yet the most successful one must be as much inferior to the original as the highest hill in Jutland is lower than the highest mountain in Thibet. Therefore, kind reader, pardon my not describing to you all I saw. What I saw I might, perhaps, be able to

relate to you, but scarcely *how* I saw it. My pen is no artist's pencil. Go yourself and take a view of it! But you, who perhaps have stood on the summit of the Broken, or of St. Bernard, smile not that I think so much of our little mountain! It is the loftiest that I, or perhaps many of my readers have beheld; therefore, what is diminutive to you is grand to us.

I was startled in my meditations by a thump on my shoulder — it was from my cousin, who was standing behind me. He informed me that our guide had gone home at least half an hour, and that I had been sitting for a long time perfectly motionless, without giving the slightest sign of life. He told me, moreover, that he was tired of such solemn silence, and I must really awaken from my fit of abstraction.

"And at what have you been looking that has engrossed your thoughts so much?" he added.

"The same as you have been looking at," I replied; "air, and earth, and water."

"Well, cast your eyes down now towards the lake," said he, handing me his spy-glass, "and you will see that there are some strangers coming over this way."

I took the glass and perceived a boat a little way from the shore, which seemed to be steering straight across the water; it was full of people, and three straw bonnets indicated that there were women among them. My cousin proposed that we should await their coming, although it would be late before we should reach our quarters for the night at Alling. As the evening was so charming, I willingly consented; we could not have wished a finer one. The sun was about to set, but it seemed to us to sink more slowly than usual, as if it lingered to behold longer the beauty of the earth when tinged with its own golden rays. The winds were hushed; not a blade of grass, not a leaf was stirring. The lake was as a mirror, wherein were reflected the fields, the groves, the houses that lay on its surrounding sides, while here and there, in the valleys towards the west, arose a thin column of smoke from dwellings that were concealed by trees. But if in the air all was silence, sounds enough proceeded from the earth. Feathered songsters carolled in the woods behind us, and before us the heath-larks' love strains swelled, answering each other from the juniper bushes. From the bulrushes which grew on the margin of the lake was heard the quacking of the wild ducks; and from a greater distance came the plashing of the fisherman's oar as he was returning to his home, and the soothing tones of his vesper hymn.

The sun had now sunk below the horizon, and the bells that rang from many a church for evening prayer, summoned the weary laborer to rest and sleep. The heavy dews of night were already moistening the ground, and its mist was veiling the woods, the lake, and the sloping banks. Now broke upon the ear the cheering yet plaintive music of wind instruments. It seemed to come nearer and nearer, and must undoubtedly have proceeded from the boat we had observed putting off from the opposite shore. When the music ceased, we could distinctly hear

the voices of the party in the boat, and presently after the slight noise made by their landing. We stood still for a few minutes, expecting to see them ascending the hill, but soon perceived that, on the contrary, they were going in another direction, for the sound of the voices became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last apparently among the woods to the west. Had it not been that the airs they had played were of the newest fashion, we might have fancied it a fairy adventure—a procession of woodland elves, or the bridal of the elf-king himself.

The shades of night were falling around. Here and there a star glimmered faintly in the pale blue sky. In the north-west was visible a red segment over the horizon, where the king of day was wandering beneath, on his way to lighten another hemisphere. Now, all was still; only at a distance on the heath we heard the plover's melancholy note, and beneath us, on the lake, the whizzing of the water-fowls' wings as they skimmed its darkened surface. "Let us go homewards now!" cried my cousin. "Yes, home!" I replied. But we had not gone far before we both stopped at once with a "Hush! hark!" From the margin of the wood, through which we had just come, issued suddenly the sound of harmonious voices, singing as a duet a Tyrolese air. There is something indescribably charming and touching in this union of voices, especially in the open air, when the sweet tones seem to float upon the gentle breeze; and now, at the calm evening hour, when the surrounding hills were awakened from the deep repose into which they had just subsided, the sweet tones had the effect of the nightingale's delightful song. My cousin seized my hand and pressed it, as if to entreat that I should not, by any exclamation, disturb his auricular treat. When the vocalists ceased, he sighed deeply. I gazed in astonishment on him; he was in general so gay, and yet at that moment tears actually stood in his eyes! I attributed to the mighty enchantment of music the power of softening and agitating the hardest and the lightest heart, and I remarked this to him.

"Ah, well!" he replied, "the human breast is like a sounding-board, which, although untouched, yet gives an echo when certain chords are struck."

"Your are right," I said; "as for instance, the story of the tarantula dance."

He sighed again, and said, gravely.

"But such chords must be connected with peculiar events—must awaken certain recollections — "Yes"—he took my hand, and pointing to the trunk of a tree which had apparently been blown down by the wind, he continued, after we had placed ourselves on it—"yes, my friend, yon air recalls to me a souvenir which I have in vain tried to forget. Will you listen to the story?"

"Tell it," I said, "though I can partly guess what it must be."

It was on such an evening as this (he commenced), about two years ago, that, accompanied by a friend, I had gone on a little tour of pleasure to Lake Esrom. We remained sitting a long time on a fallen tree before we could prevail on ourselves to wend our way homewards, so charmed

were we with the beauty of the scenery and of the evening. We had just arisen, when a Tyrolese air—the very one you and I have recently heard—sung delightfully as a duet attracted our attention. It came from the side of the lake, but the sounds appeared to be gradually approaching nearer. We soon heard the plashing of oars, which kept time to the music, and shortly after we saw a boat making for the part of the shore where we were. When the song was ended, there was a great deal of talking and laughing in the boat, and the noise seemed to increase the nearer they came to the shore. We now saw distinctly the little skiff and its merry freight. "Lay aside your oars!" said one; "I will steer you straight in to the land." They did so. "I know a quicker way of making the land," cried another, as he sprang up, and, striding from gunwale to gunwale, set the boat rocking frightfully. "Be quiet! be quiet!" roared a third; "are you mad? The fool will upset the boat!" "You shall have a good ducking for that," said the madcap, swaying the boat still more violently. Then came shouts of laughter mingled with oaths; in the midst of the uproar a loud voice called out, "Be done, I tell you! Fritz cannot swim." But it was too late—the boat was full of water—it upset. Happily it was only a short way from the shore. In one moment they were all silent; we heard only the splashing and hard breathing of those who were swimming. There were six of them. Presently one of them cried, "Fritz! Fritz! come here! Take hold of me!" Then cried another, "Fritz, come to me!" And then several voices shouted, "Fritz! Fritz! where are you?" Two of them had by this time reached the shore, and they stood looking anxiously at those who were still swimming in the lake. One of them began counting, "Three, four." Then crying in a voice of extreme consternation, "One is wanting!" he sprang again into the water, and the other instantly followed his example.

My friend and I could no longer remain mere spectators of this scene: we threw off our coats and were speedily in the water, searching with the party for their lost friend. We thought he must be under the boat, therefore we all gathered round the spot where it lay, keel upwards, and the best swimmer dived beneath it. In vain! He was not there. But at a little distance, amidst the reeds, one of us observed something dark—it was the missing Fritz! He was brought on shore; but he was lifeless. Zealously, anxiously did we try all means of restoring him; they were of no avail. It was decided that he should be carried to the nearest house. A plank, which had formed one of the seats of the boat, and which had floated to the shore, he was taken up, he was placed upon it, and they carried him towards the road. We followed them mechanically. What a contrast to their late boisterous mirth was their present profound silence! We had not proceeded far, when one of the foremost of the bearers turned round and exclaimed, "Where is Lund?" We all looked back, and beheld the unfortunate madcap who had caused the accident half hidden behind a tall bush, stuffing his pocket with pebbles. "He will drown himself,"

said the person who had just spoken. "We must take him with us."

They stopped, and my companion and I offered our assistance to carry the body, whilst two of the party went to their repentant friend. The way to the house to which the drowned man was to be carried lay through a wood. It was so dark amidst the trees that we were close upon two female figures dressed in white, before we observed them.

"Good Heavens!" cried the foremost of the party, "if it should be Fritz's betrothed! She said she would probably come to meet us."

It was indeed herself. You may imagine the painful scene; first, her horror at meeting us carrying a drowned man, and then her agony when she found out that the unfortunate victim was the one dearest to her on earth; for she could not be deceived, as she knew them all. She fainted, and her companion caught her in her arms, as she was falling to the ground. What was to be done? My friend and I hastened to the assistance of the ladies, while the other gentlemen hurried on with the inanimate body to the house, which was at no great distance. I ran to the lake, and brought back some water in my hat; we threw a little on her face, when she soon came to herself again, poor thing!

"Where is he?" she screamed. "Oh! where is he? He is not dead—let me go to him—let me go!" She strove to rise and rush forward.

"Leave her, kind gentlemen said her companion, as she threw one arm round her waist, and with the other pressed her hand to her heart. "Thanks—thanks for your assistance, but do not trouble yourselves further; I know the way well."

We bowed and stood still, while she hastened on with her poor friend; and as they went we could hear the sorrowful wailing of the one, and the sweet soothing tones of the other. Having received no invitation we had no right to follow them, and we sought our carriage, both deeply impressed by the melancholy catastrophe which we had involuntarily witnessed.

We were not acquainted with any member of the party, nor were we able to hear anything of them. In vain we searched all the newspapers, and conned over all the announcements of death in their columns; there never appeared the slightest reference to the unfortunate event I have just mentioned, nor did we ever hear it alluded to in society. We should certainly, after the lapse of some time, have looked upon the whole affair as a freak of the imagination—a phantom scene—had we not played a part in it ourselves. It did not make so light an impression on me, however; you will think it strange, perhaps absurd, but I actually was partially in love! Love has generally but one pathway to the heart—the eyes; it took a by-path with me—through the ears. It was so dark that I had not seen the young lady's features, I had only heard her voice. But ah! what a voice it was! So soft—that does not describe it; so melodious—neither does that convey an idea of what it was. I can compare it to nothing but the echo of tones from celestial regions, or to the angel-voices which we hear in

dreams. Her figure was as beautiful as her voice—graceful and sylph-like. If you have ever been bewitched in a night vision you will be able to comprehend my feelings. I saw her, and I did not see her. Her slight form with its white drapery looked quite spiritual in the dim light, and reminded me of Dido in Elvslum, floating past Æneas, who was still clothed in the garb of mortality.

"Of whom are you speaking?" I asked. "Of the friend?"

"Of course," he replied; "not of the widowed girl, as I may call the other."

"I do not see anything so very extraordinary in what you have been telling me," I said. "When it is almost dark, fancy is more easily awakened; everything wears a different aspect from what it does in the glare of day—objects become idealized, and sweet sounds make more impression on the mind, while imagination is thus excited. But is this the end of your drama?"

"No; only the first act," he replied. "Now comes the second."

The summer passed away—winter came, and it too had almost gone, when I happened to attend a masquerade at one of the clubs. For about an hour I had been jostled among the caricaturists, and was becoming very tired, and falling into sombre reflections upon the illusions of life, and the masks worn in society to conceal people's real characters from each other, when my attention was attracted to twelve shepherds and shepherdesses in the pretty costume of Languedoc, who came dancing in, hand in hand. The orchestra immediately struck up a French quadrille, and the French group danced so gracefully that a large and admiring circle was formed round them. When the quadrille was over, the circle opened, and the shepherds and shepherdesses mingled with the rest of the company. One of the shepherdesses, whose charming figure and elegance of motion had riveted my attention, as if by a magic power drew me after her. I followed wherever she went, until at last I got so near her that I was able to address her.

"Beautiful shepherdess!" I said in French, "how is it that your northern clime is so fortunate as to be favored by a visit from you and your lovely sisters?"

She turned quickly towards me, and after remaining silent a few moments, during which time a pair of dark eyes gazed searchingly at me, "Monsieur," she replied in French, "we thought that fidelity had its true home in this northern clime."

"You have each brought your lover with you," I said.

"Because we hoped that they would learn lessons of constancy here," was her answer.

"Lovely blossom from the banks of the Garonne!" I exclaimed, "who could be inconstant to you?"

"There is no telling," she continued gayly. "You are paying me compliments without knowing me. You call me pretty, yet you have never seen me. It must be my mask that you mean."

"Your eyes assure me of your beauty," said I; "they must bear the blame if I am mistaken."

Just at that moment another dance commenced; I asked the fair shepherdess to be my partner, and consenting, she held out her hand to me. We took our places immediately. It was then that a recollection came over me of having heard her sweet voice before. I thought that I recognized it—yes! Surely it could be no other's than hers—my fairy of Esrom Wood! But I was determined to be certain of the fact. I said nothing, however, while we were dancing. The dance seemed to me very short, and at the same time endless.

I interrupted him somewhat uncivilly with—"At any rate your story seems endless." He continued, however.

After the dance was over, I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself by her side.

"It strikes me," I remarked in Danish, "that I have once before heard your voice, but not on the banks of the Garonne—"

"No," she replied, interrupting me, "not there, but perhaps on the borders of Lake Esrom?"

A sweet feeling at that moment, as it were, both expanded and contracted my breast. It was herself, the Unseen! She must also have remarked my voice, and preserved its tones in her memory.

"A second time we meet," I sighed, without beholding each other. This is really like an adventure brought about by some magician's art; but, oh! how I long for the moment when you will no longer hide that charming countenance."

She laughed slightly; and there was something so sprightly, musical, and winning in her laugh, while her white teeth glistened like pearls under her mask, that I forgot what more I was going to say. She, however, began to speak:

"Why should I destroy your illusion? Leave our adventure, as you call it, alone; when a mystery is solved, it loses its interest. If I were to remove my mask, you would only see the face of a very ordinary girl. Your imagination gallantly pictures me beautiful as some Circassian, or some Hourii; let me remain such in your idea, at least till the watchman cries the hour of midnight and wakes you from your dreams."

"All dreams are not delusive," I said. "They often speak the truth," I added. "Yet sometimes one is tempted to wish that truths were but dreams; as, for instance, the very unfortunate event which was the occasion of our first meeting."

She looked surprised, while she repeated, "Unfortunate? Ah! true. You probably never heard—" At that moment one of the shepherds ran up, and carried her off hurriedly to a quadrille which was just forming.

I was following the couple with my eyes, when my sister tapped me on the arm and asked me to dance with her, as she was not engaged. Mechanically I took my place in the quadrille, the same in which my *incognita* was dancing, and mechanically I went through the figures until she had to give me her hand in the chain. I pressed

it warmly, but there was no response. Ashamed and angry, I determined not to cast another glance at her; and resolutely I turned my head away. The quadrille was over, and once more I found myself constrained to look at her. But she was gone—the shepherds and shepherdesses had all disappeared. Whether they had left the ball—or what was more probable—had changed their attire, I saw them no more. In vain at the supper-table my eyes wandered over all the ladies, to guess, if possible, which was the right one. Many of them were pretty; many had dark eyes and white teeth; but which of all these eyes and teeth were hers? It was by the voice alone that I could recognize her; but I could not go from the one to the other, and ask them to speak for me. And thus ended the second part of my drama.

"Now then for the third act," said I with some curiosity.

"For that," he replied, "I have waited, in vain, above a year and a day."

"But do you not know her name?" I asked.

"No."

"Or none of the party of shepherds or shepherdesses."

"I found out shortly after that I knew two of the shepherds; but of what use was that to me? I could not describe my shepherdess so that they could distinguish her among the twelve; they mentioned a dozen names, all equally unknown to me. That gave me no clue; to me she was both nameless and invisible.

I could not help smiling at my gay cousin's doleful countenance.

"You are laughing at me," said he. "Well, I don't wonder at it. To fall in love with a girl one has never seen is certainly great folly. But do not fancy that I am going to die of despair. I only feel a sort of longing come over me when I think of her."

The singers had now come so near us that we could hear their conversation. After a few moments my cousin whispered to me that he knew one of them by his voice, and that he was an officer from Copenhagen. In another minute they made their appearance. There were three of them, all dressed as civilians, but the moustaches of one showed that he was a military man. My cousin squeezed my arm, and whispered again, "It is he, sure enough; let us see if he knows me." We rose and stood stiffly, with our caps in our hands. They nodded to us, and the officer said, "Put your hats on, lads. Will you earn a shilling for something to drink, and help to erect our tent?" We agreed to his proposal, and at his desire we joined two men in fetching, from a cart near, the canvas and other things required to put the tent up; also cloaks, cushions, baskets with provisions, and bottles of wine, benches for seats, and a wider one for a table. When our services were no longer needed, the officer held out some money to me, which, of course, I would not receive. My cousin also refused payment; whereupon he swore that we should at least take something to drink, and, filling a tumbler from his flask, he handed it to my cousin, who received it with a suppressed laugh.

"What are you grinning at, fellow?" said the officer; but, as my cousin carried the tumbler to his lips, he exclaimed:

"Your health, Wilhelm!"

The individual thus addressed started back in astonishment, while his two companions peered into our faces. My cousin burst into a fit of laughter; and the officer, who now recognized him, cried, laughing also,

"Ludvig! What the deuce is all this? and why are you equipped in that preposterous garb?"

The matter was speedily explained; the three travellers expressed much pleasure at meeting us, and pressed us so cordially to join their party, and stay the night with them, that we at length acceded to their request.

One of the officer's companions was a young, handsome, and very fashionable-looking man; he was extremely rich, we understood, therefore they called him *the merchant*, and they would not tell us his name, or if that were his *real* position in society. The other introduced himself to us with these words:

"Gentlemen of the respectable peasant class! my name here in Jutland is—Farniente. My agreeable occupation is to do nothing—at least nothing but amuse myself.

There was a great deal more joking among our hosts, and then we presented each other in the same bantering way, after which we all adjourned to the tent, where we wound up with a very jovial supper. At midnight the *merchant* reminded us that we had to rise next morning with the first rays of the sun, and that it was time to retire to rest. We made up a sort of couch with cushions and cloaks, and on it we five faithful brothers stretched ourselves as best we might. The other four soon fell asleep. I alone remained awake; and when I found that slumber had fled my pillow, rose as quietly as possible, and left the tent.

All around was still as the grave. The skies were without a cloud, but of their millions of eyes only a few were now open, and even these shone dimly and feebly, as if they were almost overcome by sleep. The monarch of light who was soon to overpower their fading brightness, was already clearing his path in the north-east. It is not the darkness—still less the tempest—that renders night so extremely melancholy; it is that deep repose, that corpse-like stillness in nature, it is to see one's self the only waking being in a sleeping world—one living amidst the vast vaults of the grave—a creature trembling with the fearful, giddy thought of death and eternity. How welcome then is any sound which breaks the oppressive silence of that nocturnal solitude, and reminds us that human beings are about to awaken to their daily round of occupation and pleasure—and, it must be added, of anxiety and trouble! How cheerful seems the earliest crowing of the cocks from the nearest huts, rising almost lazily on the dusky air! The drowsy world was beginning to move; and after a time I discerned faint, sweet tones from the direction of the wood. I listened attentively, and soon became convinced that it was music—the music of wind instruments—which I heard. To

me music is as welcome as the first rosy streaks of morn to the benighted wanderer, or a glimpse of the brilliant sun amidst the gloom of a dark wintry sky.

The sweet sounds ceased, and I began to ponder whether it might not have been unearthly strains which I had heard—whether they might not have come from the fairies who, perhaps, dwelt amidst the surrounding glades, or among the wild flowers that enamelled the sloping sides of the hills. The music, however, was certainly Weber's, and the question was, whether the elfin people had learned the airs from him, or he from them. I returned to the tent, where the still sleeping party produced a very different and somewhat nasal kind of music. "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" I shouted, "there are visitors coming." My cousin was the first to awaken, then the officer, who sprang up, and immediately endeavored to arouse the other two. "The ladies will be here presently," he said; "get up, both of you."—"They are too early," yawned one; "I have not had half my sleep."—"Let them wait outside the tent till I am ready," said Farniente. "Good night!"

The rest of us, however, went towards the wood to meet the three ladies, who were making their way to our temporary domicile, preceded by two musicians playing the horn, and two youths bearing torches, the latter being the sons of a clergyman in the neighborhood, at whose house the ladies had slept. Observing the peasant costume of my friend and myself, the ladies asked who we were, and were told by the military man that we were two soldiers of his regiment, who, being in the adjacent village, had assisted in putting up the tent.

"Lads," said he, addressing us in a tone of command, "can you fetch some water for us from the nearest stream, and get some wood for us to boil our coffee? I will go with you."

"No, no, sir—that would be a shame," said my cousin in the Jutland dialect; "we will bring all that is wanted ourselves."

When we returned to the tent it was broad daylight; Farniente had been compelled to vacate his couch of cloaks, and in his lively way was greeting the fair guests with "Good morning, my three Graces." The officer told us, aside, that two of the ladies were his sisters, and was about to tell us more, when a waltz on the turf was proposed by Farniente, who seized one of the ladies, whom he called Sybilla, as his partner. The *merchant* danced with another, to whom it appeared he was engaged, and the officer took his youngest sister. Their hilarity was infectious, and my cousin dragged me round for want of a better partner, whereupon the fair Sybilla who had observed our dancing, remarked that we were "really not at all awkward for peasant lads."

While they were taking their coffee afterwards, during which time we stood respectfully at a little distance, my cousin whispered to me how much he admired the lieutenant's youngest sister, who was indeed extremely pretty. He had not hitherto heard her voice, but he could not help seeing that she looked attentively—even inquisitively at him. By Farniente's request the

ladies handed us some coffee, after having done which they made some remarks upon us to each other in German. At that moment my cousin let his coffee-cup drop suddenly to the ground, and standing as motionless as one of the trees in the wood, he fixed his eyes upon the youngest girl with a very peculiar expression, which called the deepest blushes to her cheek. We all looked on in surprise, but I began to suspect the truth. Farniente was the first to speak.

"Min Herre!" said he, "it is time that you should lay aside your *incognito*, for it is evident that you and this lady have met before."

My cousin had by this time recovered his speech and his self-possession. He went up to the young lady, and said:

"For the first time to-day have I had the happiness of seeing those lips from which I have twice heard a voice whose accents delighted me. In that voice I cannot be mistaken, so deep was the impression it made upon me. Dare I flatter myself that my voice has not been quite forgotten by you?"

Catherina—that was her name—replied, with a smile,

"I have neither forgotten your voice nor your face, though the last time we met you were a Spanish grandee."

"What is all this?" exclaimed the officer; "old acquaintances—another masquerade!"

"We are now truly all partaking of rural life," said Farniente; "so come, you two peasants, and place yourselves with the fair shepherdess and us."

We joined the circle, and after our names having been told, my cousin, leading the conversation to Lake Esrom, and the events which took place on its banks, asked Catherina how her

poor friend had taken that sad affair, and if she had ever recovered her spirits?

"Oh yes, she has," replied Catherina; and pointing to the young lady who was engaged to the merchant, "there she is!"

My cousin started, and said, in some embarrassment, "It was a sad event, but—"

"Not so very sad," cried the merchant, interrupting him, "for the drowned man returned to life. He was no other than myself!"

"God be thanked!" exclaimed my cousin, sincerely rejoiced at the pleasant intelligence. "That is more than we then dared to hope. But what became of the poor foolish madcap who first upset the boat, and then wished to drown himself?"

"Here he is," said Farniente, pointing to himself; "and as I once thought I might be promoted to the dignity of court jester, I took a wife, and there," bowing to Sybilla, "sits the fair one who has undertaken to steer my boat over the dangerous ocean of life."

The morning mists by degrees cleared away from the wooded valleys and the hill-encircled waters; the larks had ended their early chorus, and the later songsters of the grove had commenced their sweet harmonies; all seemed joy around, and I looked with pleasure at the gay group before me. Never had the cheering light of day shone upon a circle of more contented human beings, and among them none were happier than Ludvig and his recently found shepherdess, whose countenance beamed in the radiant glow of dawning love.

Six months have passed since then, and they are now united for this world and for that which is to come.

The Story of the Legion of Honor. By W. Blanchard Jerrold. Routledge & Co.
Remarks on the Suggested Establishment of a National Order of Merit. By Robert Bigsby, LL.D. Whitefield.

OF the order of the Legion of Honor, from its creation by Napoleon to the present time, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's book contains an interesting historical narrative. With the arguments for the institution of a similar order in England we are less satisfied. That there is too little public or national recognition of merit will be universally admitted. But there are difficulties in regard to any scheme such as that to which Mr. Jerrold advocates with so much zeal. It implies the union, in one undistinguished decoration, of all kinds and degrees of merit, from the loftiest moral excellence to the lower qualities of artistic ingenuity and even of animal strength or courage. A *danseuse* would have the same decoration as a sister of charity. At the trial of the murderer Barthélemy, who was lately hung at Newgate, it was stated that he had formerly saved more than one life at the risk of his own, acts which have entitled him to the ribbon of the

French legion of honor. It is surely better that different kinds of praiseworthy deeds should be distinguished by separate acknowledgments, as is done amongst us by the Royal Humane Society's medals by military decorations, and similar arrangements for encouraging or rewarding good or brave conduct. Then who are to be the judges of worthiness of admission to a common order of chivalry? A strong central authority like that of the French empire can better manage such an order than would be practicable in England, where so much is left to local administration. In literature, the arts, and the civil service of the state, there is room for some public recognition of merit, but it would be of no advantage to confuse all kinds of physical, intellectual and moral superiority in the decoration of one national order of chivalry as Mr. Jerrold proposes. In Dr. Bigsby's pamphlet some of these difficulties are discussed, while he very rightly pleads for a decoration for literary, scientific and artistic merit, besides the military rewards now bestowed. The subject will require much more deliberation before any satisfactory plan can be adopted for a national order.—*Literary Gazette.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A KING OUT OF HARNESS.*

THE private life of an Eastern king! How the very words thrill through one! We gloat over the thought that some of those dark mysteries, whose existence is whispered, will be revealed to us: we shall become intimate with the sayings and doings of the Zenana, and find ourselves mentally enjoying the orgies of a monarch whose power is even more unlimited, for good or evil, than that of the great Northern Autocrat. On perusing the book to which we now propose to draw attention, we find our wishes more than realized, and we may venture to assert that its publication will throw more light on the internal condition of India, and the cause of her gradual absorption by John Company, than all the Blue-books beneath whose weight the library-tables of our M. P.'s so patiently groan. But there is a trite saying about "the proof of a pudding," etc., and we cannot do better to prove the truth of our assertion than by giving our readers a taste of its quality, and assuring them that if they like the sample, the remainder of the article will be equally worth purchase and careful digestion.

The author was induced to visit Lucknow, partly on business, partly through the curious tales he had heard in Calcutta about the immense menageries maintained by the king, and his fondness for Europeans more especially. Having a friend at court, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his majesty, who immediately took a great fancy to him. As he received a hint that there was a vacant place in his majesty's household, he determined on applying for it. But as no European could be taken into the king's service without the sanction of the Resident, he was compelled to apply to that illustrious man, and was granted permission to take service under his Majesty of Oude, "on condition that he was not to meddle or intermeddle, in any way whatsoever, in the politics of Oude—not to mix himself up in the intrigues for power between rival ministers, or in the quarrels of the large landed Zemindars, who were continually warring among each other."

The household of his majesty contained five European members, one of them being the tutor, nominally employed to teach the king English. But the king was truly a royal scholar; and after hardly ten minutes' application to a page of the "Spectator," or some popular novel, would exclaim, "Boppery-bop! but this is dry work: let us have a glass of wine, master; the books would be thrust aside, and

the lesson ended. The tutor received fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them. The tutor then was one of the king's friends; the librarian (who appears to be the author of this work), another; his portrait-painter was a third; the captain of his body-guard, a fourth; and last, but by no means least, his European barber was a fifth.

The confidence the barber enjoyed of course soon became known over India, and the press found him a capital mark for their shafts of satire. "The low menial," as the *Calcutta Review* called him, was the subject of squibs, pasquinades, attacks, and satirical verses, without number; and marvellously little did the low menial care what they said about him, as long as he accumulated rupees." The paper most incessant in its attacks on the barber was the *Agra Uckbar*, since dead. He eventually employed a European clerk in the Resident's office, to answer these attacks in a *Calcutta* paper, with which he corresponded, and for this received ten pounds a month. Surely it might have been worth a little more.

Our author naturally evinced much curiosity to see this great man, and his wishes were gratified at the first dinner-party, where the king made his appearance, leaning on the arm of his favorite. Of the two, the king was much the taller, the favorite the more muscular and healthy-looking. His majesty was dressed in a black English suit; and an ordinary black silk tie and patent-leather boots completed his costume. "He was a gentlemanly-looking man, not without a certain kingly grace; his air and figure a complete contrast to that of his companion, on whom nature had indelibly stamped the characteristics of vulgarity. Both were dressed similarly; and the contrast they presented was made all the more striking by the outward habiliments in which they resembled each other."

The dinner was quite European, save and except in the presence of dancing-girls, whom we do not usually see. The cookery was excellent; for a Frenchman presided in the royal kitchen—a cook who had formerly been *Cordon blue* in the Calcutta Bengal Club. After dinner there was a display of puppets, and the king did a tremendously clever feat, at which, of course, all laughed heartily, by cutting the strings with a pair of scissors. After this brilliant feat had been repeated several times, the king applied himself with fresh vigor to the bottle, until consciousness was almost gone; and he was then assisted by the female attendants and two sturdy eunuchs behind the curtain, and so off into the harem. But the king, when in good temper, was fond of harmless jokes; the following anecdote will serve as a sample:—

* The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nesar-u-deen, King of Oude. Hope and Co.

We were in a large walled-in garden at Chaunge, one of the park palaces, where animal fights often took place. The garden might have been some three or four acres in extent, and was surrounded by a high wall. Some one had been describing the game of leap-frog to his majesty, or else he had seen some pictures of it, and it had taken his fancy mightily. The natives were left without the garden, the heavy gates were swung to, and his majesty commanded that we should forthwith begin. The captain of the body-guard made a back for the tutor, the librarian stood for the portrait-painter. Away we went, like school-boys, beginning with very "low backs," for none of us were highly expert in the game, but gradually making backs higher and higher. Tutor, barber, captain, librarian, portrait-painter—off we went like overgrown schoolboys, now up, now down. It was hot work, I assure you. The king, however, did not stand long a quiet spectator of the scene; he would try too. His majesty was very thin, and not over strong. I happened to be nearest him at the time, and he ran towards me, calling out. I made a back for him, and he went over easily enough. He was very light and a good horse-man, so that he succeeded in the vault: he then stood for me. I would have given a good deal to be excused; but he would not have it so, and to have refused would have been mortally to offend him. I ran, vaulted; down went the back, down I went with it; and his majesty the king and the author of these reminiscences went rolling together amongst the flower-beds. He got up annoyed. "Boppery-bop, but you are as heavy as an elephant!" he exclaimed. I was afraid he would have been in a passion, but he was not. The barber adroitly made a back for him forthwith, and over he went blithely. The tutor, a thin, spare man, was the lightest of our party, and the king made a back for him, and succeeded in getting him safely over. It was then all right. Away they went, vaulting and standing, round and round, until majesty was tired out, and wanted iced claret to cool him. The game was frequently repeated afterwards.

Another royal amusement was *snow-balling*; not with real snow, of course, but with large yellow flowers. One of the party had been giving the king a description of English sports; and a word was let fall about snow and snow-balling. The king pulled some of these yellow flowers and threw them at the librarian. Like good courtiers, all followed the example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. The king enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before they had concluded they were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about in their hair and clothes, and on the king's hat, in a most tenacious manner. But it was enough that the king was amused. He had found out a new pleasure, and enjoyed it as long as the yellow flowers were in bloom. With such a king, and among people so obedient to authority as the Indians, it may be easily believed that favoritism was unbounded.

The barber made the most of his time and, it appears, feathered his nest very considerably. His monthly bill was a perfect treasure of arithmetical art; and one which the author saw, when measured, was found to be four yards and a half long. The amount was frightful—upwards of ninety thousand rupees, or nine thousand pounds. It was paid without a murmur; and when an influential courtier tried to draw the king's attention, some months later, to the fact that the barber was robbing him through thick and thin, the king indignantly replied, "If I choose to make the khan rich, is that anything to you—to any of you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so; it is my pleasure. He *shall* be rich." But, unfortunately for the recipients of his majesty's favor, he was wont to be terribly capricious, and a very slight thing would make him as great an enemy as he had hitherto been a friend. The story of a Cashmere dancing-girl was a case in point. She was an ordinary Nautch girl; and one evening the king felt highly delighted with her singing. "You shall have a thousand rupees for this night's singing," said the king. When leaving the table for the harem, he would have no support but her arm. The next evening no other Nautch girl would be heard, and two thousand rupees were her reward. She grew rapidly in the royal favor, and she was kotoed by the whole court. Native festivities interrupted the dinners for a week, and then the Nautch girl reappeared, but the king had already grown tired of her. All at once he felt a fancy to see how she would look in a European dress. A gown and other articles of female attire were fetched from the barber's house, and when they were brought, she was told to retire and put them on. The transformation was wretched: all her grace was gone—her beauty hidden. It was quite distressing to see her disheartened look as she took her place again. The king and the barber laughed heartily, while burning tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks. For weeks she was compelled to appear in this unseemly attire, and then she disappeared, and made no sign.

But the king, at times, held his friends in pleasant memory. For instance, let us refer to a former Resident, with whom the king had been on very intimate terms. We will call him Mr. Smith. The gentleman had a very captivating wife, and scandal did say that the king was fonder of Mrs. Smith than of her husband. All that, however, was before our author's time in Lucknow, so that he can only speak in hearsay. Mr. Smith left Lucknow a richer man than when he entered it by seventy-five lacks of rupees—that is to say, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. So large was the amount investigation took place, conducted by the Bengal government, with closed doors; and the

result was, that Mr. Smith resigned the service and returned to England. But to prove how "the memory of the just smiles sweet and blossoms in the dust," we may mention that the king would frequently talk of his "dearest friend," with tears in his eyes — especially after an extra allowance of champagne — and sent Mrs. Smith, by a returning European, his own beautifully jewelled watch, which had cost fifteen thousand francs.

Of the living curiosities of the palace, there were none the account of which will strike a European ear as stranger than the female sepoys. Our author had seen these Amazons pacing up and down the entrances to the female apartments for months before he was informed of their real character. There was nothing but the fulness of the chest to distinguish them from other sepoys, and this is so common a circumstance in England that he took no notice of it. But let our author speak for himself: —

These women retained their long hair, which they tied up in a knot upon the top of the head, and there it was concealed by the usual shako. They bore the ordinary accoutrements of sepoys in India — a musket and bayonet, cross-belts and cartouch-boxes, jackets and white duck continuations, which might be seen anywhere in Bengal. Intended solely for duty in the palace as guardians of the harem, they were paraded only in the court-yards, where I have seen them going through their exercise just like other sepoys. They were drilled by one of the native officers of the king's army, and appeared quite familiar with all the details of the barrack-yard. Whether they could have gone through the same manoeuvres in the field, with thousands of moustached sepoys round them, I cannot tell — probably not. They had their own sergeants and corporals. None of them, I believe, attained a higher rank than that of sergeant. Many of them were married women, obliged to quit the ranks for a month or two at a time occasionally. They retained their places, however, as long as possible; and it was not until the fact of their being women was pointed out to me, that I perceived their figures were not always in the proportions allotted to the other sex. I have seen many a sergeant, however, in England, whose figure was just as *outré* as those among them furthest advanced in pregnancy. Their appearance was a piquant subject of merriment to the king, who usually ended his *badinage* by ordering some present to be given to the delinquent — delinquent, properly so called, for there was an express order against such disfigurement, clothed in the plainest language, and of the most absolute character, posted up in their barracks.

The influence of the barber had by this time become so great, that our author found it impossible to make head against it. Several causes conduced to this ascendancy. The low, depraved tastes which the king had con-

tracted during years of unrestrained indulgence, and an almost boundless command of wealth, were just those which the barber found it his interest to foster. He had made himself necessary to the king, and took advantage of the opportunity. "Every bottle of wine consumed in the palace put something in his pocket: it was his interest, therefore, to prevent the king's reformation in respect of drunkenness. Every favored slave, every dancing-girl who attracted the king's notice, paid tribute of his or her earnings into the open palm of the barber. Even the Nawab and the commander-in-chief of the king's forces found it their interest to conciliate the reigning favorite with valuable presents." At the same time, the barber encouraged the king's innate taste for ferocity, and took every occasion to rouse his tiger nature. There was a strong feeling of enmity prevailing between the king and his uncles, because they had tried to prevent his gaining the Musnud; and he was always delighted when he could invent some scheme to outrage their feelings. In this the barber was his willing coadjutor. One of the uncles, Azoph by name, was invited to dinner by the king, and made fearfully intoxicated — not by fair means, but by the barber compounding for him a bottle of Madeira more than half brandy. He soon fell off in a heavy lethargic sleep, and the barber had an opportunity to carry out his villanous designs. At first he pulled the old man's long moustache, which reached nearly to his waist, turning his head, as he did so, first one way, then the other. It was barbarous usage, especially for an infirm old man; and two of the household rose from their chairs to interfere. But the king was furious. "The old pig," as he politely termed his uncle, "should be treated just as he and the khan pleased." The barber then procured a piece of fine twine, which he divided into two parts, tying one firmly in each moustache. He then fastened the other ends to the arms of the chair on which the old man sat. The king clapped his hands, and laughed loudly at the ingenious device. The barber left the room. Feeling convinced that some new trick was preparing, the Englishmen could not endure it any longer, and one of them rose to release the old man. But the king fiercely bade him be gone, and our author accompanied him, feeling his powerlessness to sway the king in his present excitement. They heard subsequently what occurred after their departure. The barber returned, with some fireworks, just after they had left. They were let off under the old man's chair. The legs of the unfortunate uncle were scorched and burnt, and he seized the arms of the chair with his hands, and started to his feet. Two locks of hair were torn from his upper lip as he did so, and a portion of the skin with them. The blood flowed freely from

the wound, and the drunkenness of the sufferer disappeared. He left the room, thanking the king for his entertainment, and regretting that the bleeding of his nose prevented him from remaining.

After this outrage, the active enmity of the king's family was aroused. All Lucknow was in commotion. The royal troops were beaten by the insurgents, and the king demanded assistance from the Resident, who, however, refused it, recommending him to make a trip with his family. After a week of utter confusion, a hollow peace was patched up. The absence of the barber, who was sent by the king on a mission to Calcutta, gave a favorable opportunity for the other Europeans to remonstrate, and they obtained a promise from the king that, on his return, he should be kept to his own station, and not be permitted to join the dinner-party. But alas! these good resolutions faded away on the barber's return, and a crisis inevitably took place, the result of which was, that our author and his friend resigned their functions and quitted Lucknow.

A few words will complete the story of Nussir's life: "The power of the barber grew daily greater. His pride increased with his power, and no limits were set to the caprices and wild pranks of despotic authority and reckless depravity combined." This state of things could not last long: the energetic remonstrances of the Resident forced the king at last to part with his favorite, who left Lucknow, it is said, with £240,000. But this was sealing the king's death-warrant. His family soon obtained influence in the palace—the king was poisoned; and one of his uncles, whom he had treated so badly, succeeded him on the Musnud. But the future career of the barber, as we have heard it, will also serve to point a moral if not to adorn a tale. On his return to England, he took a fancy to speculating; and, after a time, like the frog in the fable, tried to outvie the ox, in the shape of a railway king. His speculations were unsuccessful; he lost all his ill-gotten wealth, was compelled to go through the Insolvent Court, and is now to be found as conductor of a 'bus, from his lofty position probably speculating on the vanity of all human wishes.

In taking leave of this most interesting book, we must not omit mentioning that it contains some most graphic accounts of the animal fights for which Lucknow was once famous, from which our limits would not permit us to cull any extracts, but which are equally well deserving perusal as the portions to which we have drawn attention.

From The Spectator.

SOME twenty years ago, the author of this volume went to Lucknow on business "in the

ordinary routine of mercantile life." He was introduced to the King of Oude, without the intervention of the Resident; and his then Majesty being partial to Englishmen, and English manners or what he thought such, the visitor was offered a post in the Royal Household. The volume consists of reminiscences of what he saw during his sojourn at the court of Lucknow, till the caprice and cruelty of the nominal Monarch towards his own relations drove the author and one of several other Englishmen from the service.

Although considerably shorn of its extent and power since the time of Hastings and Burke, the so-called kingdom of Oude is still one of the most important of the protected states. Anything like policy or government in an Asiatic monarch, trained among the women and slaves of the seraglio, is an exception. Where he has a foreign Resident as viceroy over him, as is the case in Oude, anything like public care is out of the question. To the East India Company he is indebted for his throne originally; it is the company that maintains him there. He pays for a large number of disciplined troops, who are liable to be moved against himself on any sign of resistance or independence; the forces which may really be called his own are only terrible to his subjects. In strict theory, the protection refers to foreign affairs; the potentate being left at liberty to do what he likes with his own. This theory, however, is greatly modified by an individual Resident's love of domination, the idea lest misgovernment pushed beyond bounds should reduce the tribute-paying means of the people, a dread of any very extensive and striking cruelties, anything much out of the usual course, coming to the ears of the British public when in a virtuous mood, and, let us also hope, the natural aversion of English gentlemen to the malignant cruelties of blind passion or corrupt selfishness. The Company, by its agents, doubtless prevents many outrageous doings; but this check to tyranny is only obtained at the expense of the Indian sovereign's independent feeling and free scope of action. Political intrigue is the only field for him, if he turn his mind at all to the public duties of his position; but he most probably abandons business to his minister, and plunges into the vilest license of sensual pleasure, either from natural taste or from a wish to lose the sense of his degraded condition.

Nussir-u-Deen, the King of Oude to whose household the author of this volume was attached, appears darkly enough in the descriptions of his savage cruelty when angry, and his capricious disregard of human feeling or suffering when flustered by flowing cups and in a mood to enjoy himself. Like potentates in general, he had a keen sense of his royal

dignity, such as it was; he had a natural turn for flatterers and low company; favorites he had, but of family or other affection he seems to have been devoid; indeed, he is supposed to have been poisoned by his relations at about the first opportunity they got. Still there are traces of better things in him. As long as he was sober he had much polished grace of manner, and could on fitting occasions assume an air of regal dignity. He had considerable shrewdness, and a more enlarged judgment than might have been looked for in a man in his position. On critical occasions, not affecting himself, he does not seem to have been devoid of readiness or resource. He had a sort of curiosity respecting foreign countries; and he seems to have proposed to himself, of course in a ludicrous way, the practice of English monarchs as a model for imitation, as he more successfully attained European habits at table and European costume when not engaged in native ceremonials, and sometimes even then. Except in the grace of his manner and his public dignity, these better qualities are only displayed by fits and starts. They are visible enough, we think, to show that Nussir-u-Deen was in a measure the victim of a corrupt education and a false position. It is not every monarch even in Europe who would have argued so reasonably on a point of etiquette as the King of Oude in the following extract. The native courtiers were by no means pleased with the partiality of the King for his English attendants, none of whom appeared to have previously occupied any position, and one of whom—his barber, purveyor, wine merchant, taster, and great favorite—was a mere adventurer of the very lowest stamp. The Native party wished, as one means of abasing their rivals, to compel them to come into the presence unshod; and the principal minister undertook the business.

"It is not right or proper for these gentlemen," urged the Nawab, "to enter into the presence with their shoes and boots on. We never do. Your Majesty is somewhat over-condescending in allowing it. Believe me, your Majesty's august father, of happy memory, Ghazi-u-Deen, the great and magnificent, would never have suffered it."

"The King was taken aback for a moment by this bold speech from one usually so humble and so pliant; but Rushon-n-Dowlah had screwed his courage to the speaking-point, and was not to be answered with a look.

"Am I a greater man than the King of England, Nawab?" asked his Majesty.

"Your Majesty is the greatest king in India—greater than the Emperor of Delhi. May the asylum of the world live a thousand years!" Such was the wily courtier's evasive answer.

"Rushon-n-Dowlah," said the King, am I a greater man than the king of England?"

"It is not for your Majesty's servant to say that any one is greater than his lord."

"Listen to me, Nawab; and you, General, listen to me. The king of England is my master; and these gentlemen would go into his presence with their shoes on. Shall they not come into mine, then? Do they come before me with their hats on? Answer me, your Excellency."

"They do not, your Majesty."

"No; that is their way of showing respect. They take off their hats, and you take off your shoes. But, come now, let us have a bargain. Wallah, but I will get them to take off their shoes and leave them without, as you do, if you will take off your turban and leave it without, as they do.

"The Nawab never said a word more on the subject. He was silenced. The loss of the turban is the greatest of indignities amongst Mussulmans. May my father's head be uncovered if I do! is no uncommon asseveration with them when urged to perform what they will not, or when anxious to show that the commission of an action is far from their thoughts."

Of course there are no public affairs in the sense of politics. The matter of this book consists of external description,—as the streets of Lucknow, the King's palaces, the costumes and general appearance of the people; or of the private parties and amusements of the King, which, as they stand in the book, rarely took place without some display of cruelty, caprice, or to European ideas childishness; or of field sports and animal fights, of which last the King was a great patron. Other subjects occasionally turn up, and sometimes the fun of the King leads to serious or tragic consequences; but the staple of the book falls under the three kinds mentioned.

Some degree of doubt must always attach to an anonymous publication which professes to give an account of facts whose correctness depends upon the testimony of the writer; confirmatory evidence not being readily accessible, if at all. How far *The Private Life of an Eastern King* is altogether authentic, we do not know. It seems evidently written by a man who has original knowledge of what he professes. The scenes in the palace possess an air of vraisemblance, and do not appear likely to have been invented; though supposing the ideas supplied, there is nothing beyond the power of a littérateur with a knack of dramatizing. The description of the animal fights have all the appearance of a transcript. The peculiarities of the different brutes, from the rapid, watchful, stealthy movements of the tiger with his noiseless tread, to the stolidity of the unprovoked buffalo, are well marked. The combats, uniform as they might often be supposed to be, are varied by slight yet essential differences of butting or pushing, from the light gazelle to the massy elephant, and that in a manner which conjecture could

hardly reach. The degrading effects of Oriental despotism, especially of a despotism which permits every self-indulgence and tyranny to the potentate yet deprives him of all beneficial power, is well depicted, both as regards the tyrant and his people. We think some of the animal fights have more popular attraction. The combat of two elephants, from which the following is an extract, has a human interest. On the visit of the Anglo-Indian Commander-in-chief to Lucknow, various entertainments were got up to amuse him and the Resident. Among others, Malleer, a veteran elephant, the victor of many fights, was brought forward to meet a younger monster that had never been matched. Malleer was again victorious; but his mahout or driver, in wildly urging the pursuit, fell from his seat, and was trampled on by the madly enraged brute, to the great horror of the European part of the company.

"We were all horrified, of course, at the untoward result of our sport, for which nobody was to blame but the elephant; when our alarm and horror were increased at seeing a woman rushing from the side whence Malleer had made his appearance, rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit. The Commander-in-chief stood up in the balcony, exclaiming, "Here will be more butchery, your Majesty: can nothing be done to prevent it?"

"It is the mahout's wife, I have no doubt, replied the King: "what can be done?"

"But the Resident had already given the order for the horsemen with their long spears to advance and lead off the elephant; given the order, it is true, but the execution of those orders was not an affair of a moment. Time was lost in communicating them—the men had to mount—they must advance cautiously, five on each side. By means of their long spears, they must conduct the elephants about, directing the spears against the trunk, which is tender, if the animal is wayward. They are, of course, expert horsemen; and must be prepared to gallop off at a moment's notice, should the animal slip past the spear and advance to attack.

Whilst the spearmen were thus preparing to lead off the elephant—that is, mounting, and then advancing cautiously from either side—the poor woman, reckless of consequences, was running towards the elephant.

"O Malleer, Malleer! cruel, savage beast! see what you have done! she cried: "here, finish our house at once! You have taken off the roof, now break down the walls; you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well—now kill me and his son!"

To those unaccustomed to India, this language may appear unnatural or ridiculous. It is precisely the sense of what she said; every word of it almost was long impressed upon my mind. The mahouts and their families live with the elephants they attend, and talk to them as to rea-

sonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger.

We expected to see the wild animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed. Malleer's rage was satiated, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcass. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him; whilst he stood as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before; for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing between the legs of the elephant; it is no uncommon thing to see the elephant waving his trunk over it, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then tenderly bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

In the mean time, the spearmen were now advancing. They were mounted on active horses accustomed to the work. They came up on either side; and gently touching the proboscis of the elephant with the ends of their spears, indicated thus what they wanted. Malleer flapped back his long ears, and looked threateningly at them. He might let his mahout's wife pacify him; he was not to be led by them: you could see the determination in his eye. They touched him again, this time a little more sharply. He threw up his trunk, sounded out a defiant threat, and charged full upon those on his left. They were off in an instant, their horses scampering away with all speed, whilst Malleer pursued. The savage fury of the elephant was gradually returning; and when the band which he had attacked had leaped a wall and were off out of sight, he turned upon the other. It was now their turn to fly; which they did as nimbly as their companions, Malleer pursuing as fast as he could.

"Let the woman call him off! shouted the King; "he will attend to her."

"She did so; and Malleer came back, just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master.

"Let the woman mount with her child and take him away, was the King's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted. Malleer gave her first the mutilated carcass, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place and led him quietly away."

From *The Athenæum*.

The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of His late Majesty Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude. Hope & Co.

OUR readers have already heard of this strange book. The writer—now in this country—has been accused beforehand of a design to provoke popular indignation against the Court of Lucknow, and of a desire to aid

the agitation now growing warm in the Presidency of Bengal, in favor of extinguishing the native dynasty of Oude, and of annexing that fine province to the Anglo-Indian Empire. After fair perusal of what he has written, we acquit him of all such serious thought. His object is to amuse. The depositary of a good deal of strange experience, he seems to have felt a call to contribute his mite to a better understanding in his native land of the marvellous phantasmagoria of Lucknow Court life. How far the knowledge placed at our service—the vistas opened to our view—may influence public opinion for or against those agitators in Calcutta who call on the Imperial Government to step between an oppressed people and a despotic rule, is not his affair. The writer almost ignores politics. He paints the royal household as he saw it. His object is to make an interesting book; and we must admit that in this purpose he has attained a complete success.

The whole story reads like a lost chapter from the Arabian Nights, as our readers will see by a few extracts. Here is our author's first interview with the King of Oude:—

No one must approach an Eastern monarch empty-handed. A nuzza, or present, must always be offered, and is offered by every one, even at the ordinary levees, the king returning another of greater value subsequently. * * * I remained at the end of a walk to await his arrival. My present, five gold mohurs, rested on the open palm of my hand, a fine muslin handkerchief being thrown over the hand, between it and the pieces of gold. The palm of the left hand supported the right, on which the muslin handkerchief and the money were placed. In that attitude I awaited his majesty. It was my first lesson in court etiquette; and I could not help thinking, as I stood thus, that I looked very like a fool. My hat was resting on a seat hard by. I was uncovered, of course; and the day was sunny and hot. Before the king came round, I was in an extempore bath. At length the party approached. His majesty was dressed as an English gentleman, in a plain black suit, a London hat on his head. His face was pleasing in its expression, of a light, a very light sepia tint. His black hair, whiskers, and moustache contrasted well with the color of the cheeks, and set off a pair of piercing black eyes, small and keen. He was thin, and of the middle height. As he approached, he conversed in English with his attendants. What they were talking about I forget, although I heard their conversation; I was too much taken up with myself, in fact, to pay much attention to it. The king drew near, smiled as he approached me, put his left hand under mine, touched the gold with the fingers of his right hand, and then observed: "So you have decided on entering my service?" "I have, your majesty," was my reply. "We shall be good friends. I love the English." So saying, he passed on, resuming his former conversation.

I joined the attendants. "Put your gold mohurs up at once," whispered my friend, "or some of the natives will take them." They were slipped into my pocket forthwith. I took up my hat, and followed the party into the palace.

The King was fond of Europeans—of Europeans not in the Company's service, and the chiefs of his household were men of English birth. Some of their offices were little worse than Court sinecures. For instance,—

One was nominally the king's tutor, employed to teach him English. The king valorously resolved, over and over again, to give up an hour a day to study; for he was anxious to speak English fluently. As it was, he was often obliged to eke out his sentences with a Hindostanee word. I have seen his majesty sit down by the tutor, some books on the table before them: "Now, master," (he always called his tutor master)—"now master, we will begin in earnest." The tutor would read a passage from the *Spectator*, or from some popular novel, and the king would read it after him. The tutor would read again. "Boppery bop, but this is dry work," would his master exclaim, stretching himself when it came to his turn to read again; "let us have a glass of wine, master." The glass of wine led to conversation, the books were pushed away, and so the lesson ended. Such lessons seldom occupied more than ten minutes. The tutor got about fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them.

—Of these members of the royal household—a real historical personage—was one, the King's barber, who might have stepped out of the Arabian Nights bodily:—

The barber was the greatest man of the five. His influence was far greater than the native prime minister, or Nawab. He was known to be an especial favorite, and all men paid court to him. His history, truly and honestly written, would form one of the oddest chapters of human life. All that I knew of him was this: He had come out to Calcutta, as cabin-boy, in a ship. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser in London, he had left his ship, on arriving in Calcutta, to resume his old business. He was successful; he pushed and puffed himself into notoriety. At length he took to going up the river with European merchandize for sale; he became, in fact, what is called there a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, he found a resident,—not the same who was there when I entered the king's service,—anxious to have his naturally lank hair curled like the governor-general's. The governor-general was distinguished by his ringlets; and the governor-general is, of course, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in India. The resident would be like him; and the river-trader was not above resuming his old business. Marvellous was the alteration he made in the resident's appearance; and so the great saheb himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the king. That resident is in England now, and writes M. P. after his name. The king had pe-

culiarly lank, straight hair; not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. The barber wrought wonders again, and the king was delighted. Honors and wealth were showered upon the lucky *coiffeur*. He was given a title of nobility. *Sofrus Khan*,—"The illustrious Chief,"—was his new name, and men bowed to him in Oude. The whilom cabin-boy was a man of power now, and wealth was rapidly flowing in upon him. The king's favorite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber, however, had other sources of profit open to him besides bribery; he supplied all the wine and beer used at the king's table. Every European article required at court came through his hands, and the rupees accumulated in thousands. "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" is a question as apt now in every oriental court as it was when the Jewish queen recorded it. Nussir put no bounds to the honors he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the king as a thing of right; nor would his majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than the barber's.

So afraid was his majesty of being poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the king's table; and before he opened it the little man looked carefully at the seal, to see that it was all right. He then opened it, and took a portion of a glass first, before filling one for the king. Such was the etiquette at the royal table when I first took my place at it. The confidence reposed in the favorite was, of course, soon generally known over India, or at all events in Bengal. The "low menial," as the *Calcutta Review* called him, was the subject of squibs and pasquinades, and attacks, and satirical verses without number; and marvellously little did the low menial care what they said of him, as long as he accumulated rupees. They had the wit and the satire, and he had the money; so far he was content. Of the newspapers, the most incessant in its attacks on the barber was the *Agra Utkar*, a paper since defunct. Shortly before I left Lucknow, he employed a European clerk in the resident's office to answer the attacks of the *Utkar* in one of the Calcutta papers with which he corresponded; and for this service the clerk was paid 100 rs., 10%, a month. So that, if the barber had not his own poet, like the tailors in London, he had, at all events, his own correspondent, like the *Times*.

An Oriental interior to match this portrait of an Oriental favorite is offered in the following scene, — a quiet household dinner: —

We had no sooner taken our seats, than half a-dozen female attendants, richly dressed and of great beauty, came from behind a gauze curtain or screen that occupied one end of the room. I was warned not to gaze upon these ladies too curiously, as they were supposed to be kept from the eyes of man, like other ladies of the harem; supposed so, only, however. During the evening

I found many opportunities of regarding them without subjecting myself to observation, or without appearing to take any notice of them. They were all young and handsome.

Their color was of the brunette tint of an Andalusian belle, not darker; and their jet-black hair, taken back from the forehead, and twisted in rolls behind, ornamented with pearls and silver pins, formed a pleasing contrast with the delicate tint of their skin, and the flush of excitement which tinged their cheeks. An outer covering of thin semi-transparent cloth, richly embroidered, was thrown over the form, and partially rested upon the back of the head. The outlines of the shoulders were quite distinct through the thin envelopes in which they were enrobed, all more or less transparent. The heaving of the chest as they waved, gently, fans made of peacocks' feathers backwards and forwards over the king, was beautiful to see. The lower portion of the person was hidden in wide *pyjamas*, or Turkish trousers, made of satin, of a bright crimson or purple color. These *pyjamas* fitted closely to the waist, and gradually became looser and more voluminous as they descended. They were collected above the ankle with gold-embroidered belts, corresponding to those dimly seen through the gauze cloak at the waist. They took their stations noiselessly behind the king's chair. He made no remark. No one seemed to regard them at all. It was the ordinary routine of the dinner-table; nothing more. Their arms were bare nearly to the shoulder; and as they waved their feathery fans gently about, two at a time, gracefully drawing them in succession above and about the king's chair, it was a sight worth seeing.

If the females of India excel in any species of physical beauty, it is particularly in the fine mould of the limbs. A statuary might have taken those delicately-shaped arms and hands as models for his Venus. There they plied their graceful task silently and monotonously the whole evening, fanning and attending to the king's hookah by turns, relieving each other in regular succession, until his majesty left the table, or (as was more generally the case) was carried from the table into his harem.

— There dinner-parties, with their gay surroundings and the suggestive glimpses which they sometimes offered into the luxurious mysteries of Eastern life, have evidently a hold on the imagination of the English servitor. Another dinner gave him further opportunities for observation: —

On my first appearance at the royal table, the amusements for the evening were a puppet-show and the usual nauch-girls. His majesty laughed heartily at the performances of the little burlesques of men and women; laughed heartily, and enjoyed himself. The barber saw that his majesty was pleased, and condescended to express his approbation also of the show. The nauch-girls exhibited their fine figures in graceful attitudes, advancing and retiring, now with one hand held over the head, now with the other. Their faces were not so captivating as those of the female

attendants behind his majesty; but their forms were perfectly moulded, and they managed their limbs with a graceful dexterity not to be surpassed. Voluptuous is, perhaps, the title that most correctly indicates the entire character of their performance. Attendant musicians played upon a species of lute and tambourine behind them, advancing and retreating with them, and accompanying the instruments with their voices. The instrumental seemed the principal part of the musical performance; the voice accompanied it, rather than it the voice. But nothing of all this graceful attitudinizing and profuse exhibition of fine forms was attended to by the king or his party. The nautch-girls danced, and their attendants played and sang; but no man regarded them, unless it was myself. The king was taken up with the puppet-show, and every one looked at it and praised it. At length his majesty gave a whispered order to the barber, who went out, brought something in his hand, and gave it to the king. The regal chair was pushed back, and his majesty condescended to advance to the front of the puppet-show, going round the table as if to inspect it more closely. The owners exerted themselves to give still more satisfaction, regarding their fortunes as made. The king watched for a little; his hand was advanced suddenly, and as suddenly drawn back, and one of the innocent marionettes fell motionless upon the stage. It was quite plain that his majesty had a pair of scissors in his hand, and had cut the string. The performers must have been as well aware of this as we were, but they gazed in affected wonder at the catastrophe. Natives of India require no training in simulation or dissimulation. The king turned round, his face beaming with fun, and looked at us knowingly, as much as to say, "Did I not do that well?" The barber laughed loudly in reply, and other courtiers joined in the chorus. But this was not the whole of the royal wit. The hand was pushed forward and drawn back again and again; and again and again did one after the other of the puppets fall dead and immovable upon the stage, every successive fall eliciting a shout of laughter from the table, and a blank look of astonishment from the general manager of the show, who was visible, directing and superintending. When nearly all had fallen, the

royal wit was satisfied, returned to his chair, ordered a handsome present to be given the owner of the show, and it was withdrawn. During the rest of the evening the dancers and singers were criticised with more freedom than delicacy, the wine circulating freely, and his majesty indulging in it to a far greater extent than prudence would warrant. It will not be supposed that during all this time I kept my eyes altogether away from the gauze curtain drawn across one end of the apartment. I had been told previously that some favorites of the harem were allowed by his majesty to witness the dinner-parties from behind that screen, and that it would be rude to be observed gazing intently at it. I found many opportunities, however, of inspecting it without violating etiquette. It was thick enough to prevent our recognizing faces or figures behind, although we could see faintly the outline of shadowy masses of drapery passing to and fro. One principal figure was seated on a cushion,—the reigning favorite doubtless; and her jewelled arms and neck glared brilliantly ever and anon as the light flashed upon them. We heard, too, a sweet feminine laugh, as the puppets were cut down, issuing from behind the screen; for although we could not see distinctly through it on account of our distance from it, those on the other side no doubt could. The revel proceeded; songs were sung. His majesty became gradually more and more affected with the wine he had taken, until his consciousness was almost gone; and he was then assisted by the female attendants and two sturdy eunuchs behind the curtain, and so off into the harem. It was astonishing how like a drunken king looked to an ordinary drunken unanointed man.

We have exhibited only one side of the royal character—its luxurious frivolity; its darker shade may be sought for in the book itself. The combats of wild beasts are well described, and with touches of nature and actual observation which answer for their literal truth. Altogether, this "Private Life of an Eastern King" is a curious and interesting addition to the Oriental library.

MATTERS IN CHINA.—We have "supped full of horrors" over the last particulars of the siege of Sebastopol. Not less dreadful is the condition of the lower classes in China—victims of the famine induced by civil war. We give an extract from a private letter received by the last overland mail, dated at Hong Kong, April 29th:—

"Without exaggeration I can state that within a few miles of this the poorer classes are selling their children, or offering to sell them at the insignificant price of 300 cash, or 24 cents, rather than retain them at the cost of feeding them. I

refer only to *female* children, who are always in China, considered of little account. This price applies to girls of seven to 10 years, and the purchaser must take them away at once and promise support. They are chiefly employed as servants. Older girls bring *more*, or to speak *commercially*, "we quote girls from 7 to 10 years at 25 cents, 10 to 15 years \$1; 15 to 20 years are more in demand, and cannot be had under \$70 to \$100—a greater *firmness* prevails with this description, and dealers show a desire to *close* with a *rising* tendency." But it is really too bad to joke on such a theme.—*Transcript*.

From the Literary Gazette.

MR. RUSKIN'S NOTES.

Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy, 1855.
By the Author of "Modern Painters."
Smith, Elder, & Co.

It is very sad that an author with the repute that Mr. Ruskin has in time past gained for himself, should stoop to the publication of a pamphlet of such flippant impertinence and conceit as the present. Instead of an essay of sound and honest criticism, such as one might be led to expect from the author of "Modern Painters," it consists of merely a few pages of common-place abuse of the works of the Academicians written with an animus and feeling perfectly contemptible.—Mr. Ruskin says that he is so often asked by his friends to mark for them the pictures in the exhibitions of the year which appear to him most interesting, either in their good qualities or their failure, that he has determined to place the circular letter, which on such occasions he is obliged to write, within reach of the general public. "Twenty years," he says, "of severe labor, devoted exclusively to the study of the principles of Art, have given me the right to speak on the subject with a measure of confidence." We will select from his notes on the Academicians:—

78. *The Wrestling in As You Like It.* (D. Maclise, R. A.)

Very bad pictures may be divided into two principal classes—those which are weakly or passively bad, and which are to be pitied and passed by; and those which are energetically or actively bad, and which demand severe reprobation, as wilful transgressions of the laws of all good art. The picture before us is of the last class. Mr. Maclise has keen sight, a steady hand, good anatomical knowledge of the human form, and good experience of the ways of the world. If he draws ill, or imagines ungracefully, it is because he is resolved to do so. He has seen enough of society to know how a Duke generally sits—how a young lady generally looks at a strange youth who interests her; and it is by vulgar choice, not vulgar ignorance, that he makes the enthroned Duke straddle like a village actor, and the young lady express her interest by a cool, unrestrained, and steady stare.

* * * * *

Next to pass from imagination of character to realization of detail. Mr. Maclise is supposed to draw well, and realize minute features accurately. Now, the fact is, that this work has every fault usually attributed to the pre-Raphaelites, without one of their excellences. The details are all so sharp and hard that the patterns on the dresses force the eye away from the faces; and the leaves on the boughs call to us to count them. But not only are they all drawn distinctly, they are all drawn *wrong*.

94. *The River's Bank.* (T. Creswick, R. A.)

This, like most other of the landscapes hung on the line, is one of those works so characteristic of the English school, and so little creditable to them, in which everything is carelessly or ill painted, because it is in a landscape. Nothing is really *done*. The cows have imperfect horns and hides; the girl has an imperfect face, and imperfect hands; the trees have imperfect leaves; the sky imperfect clouds; the water imperfect waves. The color of a heavy yellow with dim green, is worse than imperfect; for color must either be right—that is, infinitely beautiful; or wrong—that is, less than beautiful. All tame and dead color is false color.

120. *Beatrice.* (C. L. Eastlake, P. R. A.)

An imitation of the Venetians, on the supposition that the essence of Venetian painting consisted in method: issuing—as trusts in method instead of fact always must issue—in mere negation. Sir Charles Eastlake has power of rendering expression, if he would watch it in human beings—and power of drawing form, if he would look at the form to be drawn. But when, because Giorgione and Titian draw broadly, and sometimes make their colors look broken, he supposes that all he has to do is to get a broken breadth; he ends, as all imitators must end, in a rich inheritance of the errors of his original, without its virtues. Titian and Giorgione have a slight tendency to flatness; but Giorgione's *G Flat* has accompaniments, Sir Charles's *C Flat* stands alone.

149. *Learn Recovering his Reason at the Sight of Cordelia.* (J. R. Herbert, R. A.)

As No. 78 furnished us with an instance of the class of picture which is actively bad, we have here an equally important instance of the passively bad; which, had it been in a less prominent place, might kindly have been passed without notice; but, since it is thus recommended to the public by its position, it must needs be examined.

In the whole compass of Shakspeare's conceptions, the two women whom he has gifted with the deepest souls are Cordelia and Virgilia. All his other women can speak what is in them. These two cannot. The "Nothing my Lord," of Cordelia, and the "gracious silence" of Virgilia, are the everlasting seals set by the Master of the human heart upon the most sacred writing of its folded and golden leaves. Shakspeare himself could not find words to tell what was in these women. And now, cast down at her father's feet, the alabaster vase is broken—the house of life is filled with the odor of the ointment—all Cordelia is poured forth in that infinite "I am" of fulfilled love. Do but think of it for one quiet instant. Think of the rejected creature, so long disallowed from daughter's word and act; unsistered also—all her sisterhood changed into pale flame of indignation—now at last, in consummation of all sorrow, and pity, and shame, and thankfulness, and horror, and hope long delayed, watching the veil grow thin, that in those eyes, wasted with grief, was still drawn between her father's soul and hers. Think of it! As for imagining it—perhaps Dante

might have imagined it, with the winds of paradise yet upon his brow. As for painting it—

And yet, in the midst of the Royal Academy Rooms of England, and in the midst of the 19th century, that profile of firwood, painted buff, with a spot in the corner of the eye, does verily profess to be a painting of it.

It is a thing not a little to be pondered upon that the men who attempt these highest things are always those who cannot even do the least things well. Around the brow of this firwood figure there is a coronet, and in the coronet four jewels. I thought that, according to the Royal Academy principles, in a "High Art" picture, this Rundell and Bridge portion of it should have been a little less conspicuous.

It is nevertheless a fact that, although from some peculiar idiosyncrasy not comprehending the passage in *King Lear*, Mr. Herbert has feeling; and if he would limit his work to subjects of the more symbolic and quietly religious class, which truly move him, and would consider himself by no means a great master, but a very incipient student, and paint every thing from the act and life, faithfully, he would be able to produce works of some value.

201. *Penserosa*. (C. W. Cope, R. A.)

The young lady appears to be reading, may possibly be thinking, is certainly passing under a Norman arch, and is very pretty. This *ensemble* is interesting, but had better have been put into the architectural room, as it may materially promote the erection of Norman arches in the gardens of the metropolis, for the better performance of pensive appearances to morning visitors.

594. *Rome*. (D. Roberts, R. A.)

This is a large architectural diagram, with the outlines executed sharply in black, the upper half being then painted brick-red, and the lower green-gray. (Note to the distinctness of the mannerism in the outlined statues and pillars of the chapel in shade upon the right.) I can hardly understand how any man devoting his time to painting, ever comes to suppose that a picture can be right which is painted in two colors! or by what reasoning he persuades himself that, because seen under the red light of sunset, the purple trunk of a stone pine, the white stucco of house walls, the scarlet of tiles, and the green of foliage, may all be of the same color. Imagine a painting of a beautiful blue-eyed female face, by sunset, which represented its blue eyes, its nose, its cheeks, and its lips, all of the same brick-red!

Mr. Roberts was once in the habit of painting carefully finished cabinet pictures, which were well composed in the (common sense), and fairly executed in the details. Had he continued these, painting more and more, instead of less and less, from nature, he might by this time have been a serviceable painter. Is it altogether too late to warn him that he is fast becoming nothing more than an Academician?

Of Mr. Millais' "Rescue," Mr. Ruskins says "It is the only great picture exhibited this year; but this is very great. The immortal

element is in it to the full. And such is an example of the criticisms on modern art which Mr. Ruskin affirms "have at least in them the virtue of entire impartiality," and which he threatens to furnish every year, with the view of "guiding the public to the discernment and acceptance of those unobtrusive truths of which our modern Idealism has so long repressed the pursuit, and withheld the appreciation." Can the author of "Modern Painters" be in his right mind?

The Modern Scottish Minstrel; or the Songs of Scotland of the past Half-Century. With Memoirs of the Poets, and Sketches and Specimens in English verse of the most celebrated modern Gaelic Bards. By Charles Rogers, LL. D., F. S. A. Scot. In six volumes. Volume I.

[This new speculation of Messrs. Black of Edinburgh proposes to include in six volumes a selected edition of Scottish songs whose authors lived within the present century. The arrangement will be chronological according to the lives of the authors; a memoir of each will precede the songs or song (in the case of only one popular ditty), often derived from original sources, and varying in length, we suspect, according to the nature of the materials rather than to the poetical eminence of the bard. A translation of the best Gaelic songs, or perhaps poems more properly, belonging to the same period will be published after the same plan; that is, lives of the bards, in chronological order preceding the poems. Disquisitions by the editor, Dr. Rogers, will accompany the specimens.]

We shall possibly have something to say on the series during its progress or when brought to a close. Meanwhile, we may remark that a national feeling rather than a critical spirit seems likely to predominate in the selection. Six volumes of songs comprising little more than fifty years, argues greater lyrical richness than most nations can pretend to, especially when some of the most popular are contained in this first volume. In strictness, the title is not sufficiently extensive. "Songs of Scotland" seems properly limited to songs relating to Scottish manners or modes of life, expressed generally in the Scottish dialect: Dr. Rogers extends the meaning to anything written by natives of Scotland, — as, for instance, Mrs. John Hunter's once widely-popular song "The sun sets in night" — the death-chant of an Indian chief; and some poems of Montgomery of Sheffield, which in subject or treatment have no relation to Scotland.]—*Spectator*.

I DREAMT last night that by sickness consumed,
By the side of a pauper I lay inhumed;
But that, scorned to lie by a beggarman's side,
I order'd him off with a nobleman's pride.
"Begone," I exclaim'd, "go and rot thee elsewhere,
Vile rascal! how durst thou approach me near!
"Rascal!" said he, "who art thou, I pray?"
Go look for thy rascals some other way;
All here are equal, I've nothing of thine,
That is thy daughill, and this is mine."